

# SATURDAY REVIEW

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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### THE NEW YEAR.

ENGLAND is an old country, and, like all old countries, has many difficulties to encounter which are partly the legacy of generations that took a wrong course, and are partly due to the subtlety and complication of the ties by which the different members of an ancient community are necessarily bound to each other, and by which that community is bound to other communities more or less like it. When, therefore, we begin to think of the political prospects which a new year offers to Englishmen, we are inevitably led to think more of the dangers that lie before us than of the hopes which we may justly conceive. A prudent man who has passed into the period of human life corresponding by an imperfect analogy to what we may imagine to be the period of English existence, cannot possibly enter on a new year with very buoyant spirits. He knows that life has not very much to offer him, and that a year just beginning must bring with it many disappointments and many sorrows. He feels that he ought to be very thankful if he starts on the year with fair health and without pecuniary pressure, and his first thought will be to consider, not how he can gain new good things, so much as how by patience and foresight and good temper he can avert evils. No imminent political dangers seem to be pressing on England just now. We are on good terms with all foreign nations; we have a trade which is not only very great, but very sound; we have the staple food of the country in abundance, and at a moderate price; and we have a strong Ministry, backed by a very large majority in the House of Commons. If, therefore, it came natural to us at the beginning of the year to take a sanguine view of things, we could find more cause, perhaps, for being sanguine now than we could find usually at the beginning of a year. But the long experience of English history, and the sadness in contemplating human life which Christianity has taught to the modern world, forbid us to find much pleasure, at the beginning of any new period, in cheering ourselves and making merry, and shouting out what a fine, prosperous, noble people we are. There are times for such things—as, for example, when Yankees or Frenchmen seem not to understand our superiority to them; but the beginning of a new year is not one of them. And if there are no imminent dangers now pressing on England, there are dangers of a somewhat remote kind which must fill us with anxiety when we think of them. Patience and foresight and good-humour will, we trust, carry us safely through them; but at least we may be sure that they will afford us ample room for exercising these qualities to as full a degree as we are capable of exercising them. Many special causes of apprehension might probably be found to exist at present if we went below the surface of English politics, but it will be enough to mention two or three of the most striking. There are, for example, the present position of the House of Lords, and the present position of Prussia in Europe. If we begin to reflect on any one of these subjects, we soon find that it is full of thorny and complicated questions, and that it is only by resolutely showing patience, foresight, and good-humour that England can hope to arrive at a proper solution of them. What are we to do with our good poor, with our half-good poor, with our bad poor, with our criminal poor? These are not questions of a remote and speculative interest. Londoners find that they are crushed by rates, the burden of which increases every month, and the payment of which only seems to intensify the misery it is destined to relieve, and they walk about in a city where life and property are not much safer than in Mexico or Bologna. How is it possible for any one, excepting for the sort of people who believe, on the faith of burlesques and Christmas extra-numbers, that they are bound to be jolly at this season, to exalt much or whoop over

the new year, when we know that starvation is going on all around us, and that if we try to diminish the evil by giving money we only aggravate it, and that almost the only people who can walk about London with perfect comfort and impunity are the fortunate beings who have been twice convicted of a felonious offence?

It would be ridiculous to say that the Peers make us anything like as anxious as the paupers; but if we are to survey the prospects that lie before the country, we cannot contemplate the present position of the House of Lords without anxiety. The exact state of things in which we now find ourselves is, that a new House of Commons has been returned, a large majority of which is pledged to carry a measure of which two-thirds of the House of Lords last year signified their utter disapproval. Let us assume that a Bill will pass the Commons this Session for disestablishing and disendowing the Irish Church; for, if not, the House of Commons will prove itself incompetent to carry out the declared wishes of the nation. When this measure reaches the House of Lords, the Peers must either reject it, or agree to it, or try to alter it. The consequences of their rejecting it would be so serious that it is painful even to imagine them. The English Constitution as it exists at present offers no means by which the Government of the country can be carried on in face of a hostile majority in the House of Commons. In order that administration should flow on at all in its daily course, it must be conducted on the understanding that a Ministry supported by a majority in the House of Commons shall have its way. If the opinion of the country remains as it is now, and the majority in the Commons coheres, the Peers must give way. But then the precise mode in which, according to precedent, they will be made to give way would be by the Prime Minister obtaining leave to create a hundred Peers just before the Bill which he wishes to carry came on for the second reading. An institution which was put into the false position of being the subject of a *coup d'état* of this sort cannot long stand modern criticism. If the House of Lords rejects the Irish Church Bill, and is made by sheer compulsion to yield, its days are numbered. This is so obvious that, however fiercely Tory Peers may talk at present, the probability is that, when it comes to the point, the Peers will pass the second reading, and try to recover some of the ground they have lost by amendments. But this would prove a very unsatisfactory course. So long as these amendments only extend to improving the language of the Bill, which, after being hacked about in the Commons, is sure to be very imperfect, or are only intended to provide for cases that have been omitted, or to do more ample justice to individuals or corporate bodies, the Peers will be perfectly safe. They will be only acting as a Court for the Revision of Parliamentary drafts, a function discharged in France by the Council of State; and no one would think of objecting so far. But it is exceedingly probable that they will not be content with so humble a function. They will perhaps try to alter the Bill so as to make it somewhat more in harmony with their way of thinking, and they may try to enforce their views exactly up to the point which they think the Ministry will stand rather than not get the Bill through in this Session. In other words, they will spoil the Bill as much as they can, and make its supporters pay as heavily as possible for having it carried. This is exactly what happens every day in the private legislation of Parliament, and is one of its most aggravating features. A Bill is proposed which purports to be conceived in the public interests, and to be shaped so as to promote those interests as much as possible. The Committee to which the Bill is referred is inclined to think that the Bill as it stands would be conducive to the public interests, when in steps some powerful individual or company, who chooses to think the Bill likely to hurt him or it in some way, and worries and threatens and

argues and spends unlimited money, until clauses are stuck into the Bill which certainly protect private interests, but spoil the value of the Bill to the public. The House of Lords, by taking the same course in dealing with the Irish Church Bill, might perhaps be for the moment successful, although with a determined Ministry that is doubtful; but it would only be successful at the hazard of provoking the nation to consider whether an Upper House that distinguished itself by lessening the value of important Bills to the public was exactly the Upper House that was wanted.

Why the present position of Prussia in Europe should cause anxiety, when we pass from considering the domestic to considering the foreign policy of England, is obvious. We do not in the least grudge Prussia her gains, or object to her future advancement. On the contrary, nothing could be more advantageous to England, or more conducive to the peace of Europe, and to the best interests, as we in England think, even of France herself, than that Prussia should consolidate Germany into one great country, able to protect itself against its big neighbours both on the right hand and on the left. The difficulty we have to face is the difficulty of avoiding everything like thwarting the establishment of a state of things so desirable, without giving up other objects of very great importance to us. The quarrel between Greece and Turkey appears likely for the moment to die out. The Great Powers have been so very liberal with their dust that the little bees cannot go on stinging each other. But what is the real reason openly assigned for this quiet ending of a troublesome matter? It is that Russia is not ready for war. Her railway system linking her Northern and Southern ports is not complete; she has still too much of the old-fashioned description of guns and cannon; her fleet is frozen up and cannot get to sea. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire is therefore to be respected, and the obligations of international law are to be enforced. Russia might have been ready now, and some day she certainly will be ready. We should be in a most embarrassing position if a war intended to settle the Eastern Question were to break out now. It might come to our having to choose between going to war with Prussia and seeing Russia quietly occupying Constantinople. There are people who would see no difficulty in the matter. Some would think nothing of fighting Prussia on the ground that Prussian officials hurt the feelings of bold freely-behaved Britons on their travels. Others would say that it was nothing to us who held Constantinople, and that the Porte and its city and everything else belonging to it might "perish," like Savoy, rather than that England should spend a farthing or lose a man in its defence. But views like these are only the first promptings of carelessness or ignorance. Discussion would soon show that England would be going against all her most solid interests in lessening the power of Prussia, and that, on the other hand, to let Russia get Constantinople without any opposition on our part would be to back out of our engagements, to take a most humiliating position in Europe, and probably to ensure our having some day to fight for our highway to the East when we in our turn should have no allies. The best chance of our being able to avoid so embarrassing a choice is that, before the Eastern Question ends in war, Prussia may have so far consolidated herself as to be permitted, if she pleases, to remain neutral. But it is difficult to suppose that this time has come yet, and therefore, when a new year breaks with a Turkish fleet actually blockading a Greek port, we cannot escape the nervous feeling that a state of things might arise when, after France had forced Austria to join her against Russia, and Russia had forced Prussia to join her against France, we should be called on to leave off playing the part of a frugal bystander and choose which side we would take.

#### LEGISLATION IN INDIA.

THE account of his conversations with SCINDIA, the well-known chief of Gwalior, which has been published by the British Resident in Gwalior, Colonel DALY, is full of interest. SCINDIA is not only a faithful ally to our Government, but he piques himself on being the very type and model of perfect fidelity to us. "What we wish, that shall be done," is the sentiment ever on his lips, and he acts up to his word. His obedience has lately been put to a severe test. He had collected a small army at his capital, recruiting it, not from his own subjects, but from a distance. He organized it upon the European model; he spent his whole time in bringing it to the highest state of efficiency; he found the greatest delight in showing English officers how admirably it could manœuvre, and

what a perfect state of discipline it was in. But unfortunately he was a little too successful. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE paid this brilliant native force the high compliment of coming to inspect it. He saw it at its best, was shown all its capabilities, and admired it so much that he came to the conclusion that it had better not go on any more. In the kindest possible manner he intimated to SCINDIA that of his beloved troops he had better turn a portion into policemen, send a portion into remote parts of his territory, and only keep a limited portion at his capital. SCINDIA was deeply grieved, and for some time hoped that the consideration of his long and great services might prevail, and that he might be allowed to retain what was so great a source of pleasure and amusement to him. But the VICEROY was inexorable, and SCINDIA obeyed. This obedience must have cost him a painful struggle, but he had always professed readiness to make any sacrifice the British Government might demand of him, and he kept his word. At the same time this chief, so obedient and so faithful, is a man of so much ability and originality that the English who have to do with him retain the highest respect for him. He never descends to be the puppet of the British Government, even when he obeys its most unwelcome orders. Such a man, therefore, when he discusses the relations of the British Government with the natives of India, and tells us frankly what he and others think of our rule, deserves to have his words well weighed. His general criticisms are, however, so completely in harmony with all that we have already learnt on the subject, that we may pass over them without much remark. That we keep the peace all over India with surprising success, and that to the best of our judgment we administer strict justice, but that the natives do not like us and our rule even while owning that they profit by it, is the general result at which SCINDIA, and almost all other competent observers, have arrived. There are, however, two minor points in SCINDIA's criticisms which seem to deserve attention. One of these is the continuity of character which he sees to be imparted to the English Government by the completeness of the written records which it preserves in every department of administration. A native Government is as capricious as it is temporary. It does not know, and does not care, what has been done by its predecessors, or what will be done by its successors. The utility of maintaining a thorough system of recording all acts, decisions, and reasons for acting and deciding, in writings sufficiently elaborate and copious to be intelligible at some distance of time, and the beneficial influence of this system on the Government itself and on the character of its servants, deserve the most serious consideration at the present moment. The Civil servants of India are now selected by competition—a plan which has many advantages, but which has this great disadvantage, that those selected have not, previously to their arrival in India, any common ties of birth, education, or religion. If this great defect is found in practice to be surmounted, and if the Civil Service of the future works as well and in as high a spirit as the Civil Service of the past, we are inclined to think that one chief cause of this happy result will lie in the minuteness and elaborateness of the system of recording everything connected with Government, which compels each member of the Service to associate himself with the traditions and pass under the influence of the Service in the past. It is possible, of course, that there may be too much writing in India, as everywhere else; but to underrate the immense importance of writing on Indian administration is one of the first impulses of English ignorance. When, just before he left England, Lord MAYO assured a deputation that he thought the time for writing had passed and the time for acting had come, he gave, we fear, a sign, not of energy, but of that perfect blankness of mind as to everything Indian which is no reproach to him as an Irish peer, but which may be reckoned as a drawback and offset to his qualifications for Governor-General, whatever they may be.

The other part of SCINDIA's conversation which seems worth especial attention is that in which he expressed a very decided opinion that we are too prolific of legislation. We never give the natives any rest. Every month introduces a change in their habits, in their tenure of property, in their social usages, for which they are quite unprepared, and which they detest. Probably these changes are very good and wise in themselves, but this incessant activity in making the natives better by passing Act after Act to improve them is, as SCINDIA thinks, not only painful to them, but not prudent. We worry and harass them rather than do them good. This is an opinion which very many of the best and most sensible of the members of the English Civil Service in India fully share. That legislation is too rapid and too incessant is the observation they have



deduced from their own experience. The natives, they say, never know how they stand, or what they may do or may not do. Even if they think they begin to understand a little of what they are expected to do or not to do on any point, out comes a new law from the Viceregal Council and upsets their feeble notions. Perhaps Mr. DISRAELI might have been influenced by this sort of argument, and have thought to himself, that after so active a Governor-General as Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, a Governor-General who was not likely to do much would be a wholesome change. What truth there is in the general statement, that of late Indian legislation has been too rapid and too incessant, few persons in England can pretend to say; but on such a matter the opinion of a man like SCINDIA ought to go for something. But, on the other hand, it is only when we examine into the facts of each case that we see how irresistibly the Indian Government is driven to legislate, and how the enactment of one law necessarily leads to another. A Bill that has lately been introduced for legalizing certain marriages among the natives who are not Christians, supplies a good example. An Act was lately passed regulating and legalizing the marriages of native converts to Christianity; and it would be obviously absurd, and in the last degree unjust, that a Christian Government should not accord to persons who choose to adopt the Christian religion the power to contract a valid marriage in a cheap, easy, and indisputable way. But it appeared on further inquiry that although the natives might each be married according to their several religions, and native Christians might also be married in a prescribed form, yet there was a class of persons for whom no provision was made. There were natives who did not like the peculiar religious ceremonies necessary to marriage according to the creed to which they belonged, or who were not considered by those charged with conducting these ceremonies sufficiently thoroughgoing in their religious beliefs. The consequence was that the more fanatical members of each sect, if a majority, could practically decide that the less fanatical minority should not marry, nor be able to transmit property to their children. That natives placed in this embarrassing position ought to be protected by the Legislature seems perfectly clear. How is it possible for a Government like ours to say to a man that unless he goes to the full extent into idolatrous ceremonies, he shall not be permitted by the law to have a legitimate child? It is quite obvious that the Government of India was right, directly it discovered this omitted case, to provide for it, and to establish a mode of relief for persons thus accidentally and unnecessarily excluded from some of the most important civil rights. Mr. MAINE, to whose department the introduction of the necessary Act belonged, assigned his reasons for doing so in a speech which, while full of suggestive remarks as to the difference between Eastern and Western nations in many of their conceptions with regard to the marriage tie, was quite unanswerable in showing that the Bill was really needed. And yet the Bill had excited much opposition among the natives, and had alarmed the leaders of many of the chief sects; and it is exactly the sort of Bill which affords a sort of ground for saying that the social and religious customs of the natives are always being tampered with, and that one Native Marriage Bill is no sooner passed than another is introduced.

Sometimes, however, Indian legislation, if not really too rapid and incessant, appears to be so, not only to native, but to English, critics in India. That these English critics have any solid ground for their criticism, or are at all competent to judge, is far more than any one acquainted with what may be termed the outsiders of Anglo-Indian life would undertake to say. But they sometimes bring facts before us which make us not so much incline to their views, as wish to know the true account of the matter. As an instance, we may give a description of the passing of what is known as the Punjab Tenancy Bill last October. The account was written by a person who professed to have been an eye-witness, and was inserted in the *Times of India*. Its author made no secret of his hostility to the Bill, which he considered far too favourable to the tenants. The tenure of land presents many questions of great difficulty in India as elsewhere, and the respective rights of landlord and tenant are very hard to determine justly, as there is no positive standard of law or custom by which to go. Probably, with the very best intentions, we should always do some injustice in whatever way we undertook to deal with them. But, as is very natural, the practical decision is approached with different sets of prepossessions according as those who have to make the decision incline, either from theories as to ancient Hindoo right, or from social sympathies, or from considerations of utility, to the

landlord or the tenant side of the question. The passing of the Punjab Tenancy Bill was reckoned a great triumph for the friends of the tenants, and a great rebuff for the friends of the landlords. The Viceregal Council appears to have been nearly equally divided, and the conflicting views were very fully and warmly advocated by different members. Finally it appeared that the supporters of the Bill had a majority, although a very narrow one, and the Bill was passed there and then, as the eye-witness puts it, although the minority pressed for further time, and that more opportunity for general discussion might be given—a request which the VICEROY himself at first appears to have considered reasonable, although he ultimately gave way. Now it would be ridiculous for any one in England to say that all this was not quite right. That Sir JOHN LAWRENCE not only sanctioned the Bill, but permitted it to pass in this very speedy and summary way, is enough to show that there were very weighty reasons for the course taken. But it is not going very far to say, that this plan of semi-public legislation, when, in the presence of a casual auditor, two or three Englishmen support one set of opinions, and then two or three other Englishmen support the opposite, and then the majority straightway embodies its views in the shape of a Bill affecting the fortunes of hundreds of thousands of natives, is at least calculated to impress the natives with an unfavourable opinion of our Indian legislation. It may be necessary, and on the authority of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE we are quite content to believe that it was in this case necessary, to legislate so rapidly in a very difficult and debatable matter, when so strong a difference of opinion existed in the Council itself. But it is an unfortunate necessity, and we can scarcely wonder that natives should grumble a little at this sort of law-making, and should even complain far more than they would do if everything were done in secret and without any discussion at all, and if new laws were promulgated as the edicts of a despot.

#### THE EASTERN CONFERENCE.

THE idea of a Conference is too closely connected with useless negotiations and delusive guarantees to allow of more than a momentary sense of relief at the news that another has been summoned. In this instance there is, strictly speaking, nothing for a Conference to do. No one believes that Turkey and Greece will fight unless one or other of them counts on external support; and if they do belie expectation, and go to war on their own account, the interests of the Great Powers in the East are so conflicting that all the diplomacy in the world would hardly reduce them to harmony. On the first assumption, a Conference is unnecessary; on the second, it is useless. There is, however, a third supposition which does leave some little room for the introduction of this favourite expedient. It may be that there have been influences at work during the autumn, the authors of which did not calculate quite accurately the moment at which the train would be fired. It is very pleasant to feel that you have an Eastern Question ready to be let off whenever it suits your purpose. But if the explosion comes too soon it may give rise to considerable inconvenience, and then you may be as anxious to stifle it as you were a short time before to prepare for it. When great Powers find themselves in this predicament, they naturally cast about them for some means of drawing back with dignity. If there are other great Powers who wish peace to be maintained, the conspirators evince a sudden desire to listen to good advice. As this is usually to be had for the asking, and sometimes even without it, they can soon make out a sufficient case for telling their too precipitate instruments that they have been prematurely active. That something of this sort has been going on during the last month, seems rather probable than not. There is an abundance of reasons why this or that Power should have something to say on the Eastern Question, but there are also several reasons why none of them should wish to say it at this moment. France, for example, might conceivably have views the execution of which would wholly depend upon her success in detaching Russia from Prussia; or Russia, again, might have reckoned upon a revolution in the Eastern policy of France, and then found that she had a little anticipated the change. On either hypothesis both Governments would have been disconcerted by the unforeseen action of Turkey, and would now be anxious to gain time for the broth to simmer. And on either hypothesis Prussia would be quite willing to co-operate with them for this end, since to Prussia it is above all things important that a European war should come, if come it must, on German and not on Eastern ground. There is no difficulty, therefore, in devising reasons why the Conference

should have been convoked, or in understanding that they are not to be looked for either at Athens or at Constantinople.

It is impossible not to feel some pity for the Porte when it finds itself reduced once more to the position from which it had tried to emancipate itself. No man likes to be treated as a baby, but it is much harder in the case of an old man than of a young one. The latter has, or thinks he has, his future before him. The former sees second childhood awaiting him, and knows that it is only by a struggle that he will be allowed even to die his own master. But there are situations which seem too much even for self-will, and the position of Turkey in relation to the Great Powers is emphatically one of them. She has been dandled upon their knees so long that they cannot let her go even if they would. She would rather perhaps be suffered to run alone, no matter at what cost to herself. One can conceive a Sultan of Turkey thinking that life after all is a little wearisome, and that there might be more real pleasure in raising once more the old war-cry of his creed, and dying in harness, if die he must. But the surroundings of his throne would be too much for a determination which at bottom might only have been half-formed, and the successor of the Prophet would find himself once more sending envoys to Paris or London, and submitting to have his conduct regulated to suit the convenience of others. The one thing that seems certain about the Conference is that Turkey can only lose by it. Supposing that Greece is forced to yield all the five points in the ultimatum—it is more likely that she will have to concede three—she will have made the sacrifice at the bidding, not of Turkey, but of the European Powers. The result of this will be to confirm the very sentiment which it is so important for the Porte to put an end to. The Greeks will feel more strongly than ever that, no matter what they may do, Turkey will not be suffered to take the law into her own hands. They will console themselves with the assurance that they have only plucked the pear before it was ripe. They will look forward as eagerly as ever to the time when a more decided policy on the part of Russia or France will usher in that catastrophe at Constantinople for which the preparations are still incomplete. All that Turkey hoped to win by the sudden assumption of an independent attitude is hopelessly lost by the turn that affairs have taken. If she gets all she asks, she gets it as the result of a European arrangement, not by the exhibition of her own determination. If she puts up with less than she asks, she is reduced from holding the sword at the throat of Greece to being a party to an amicable compromise. If, feeling this, she insists upon standing by her ultimatum, she will have offended all her allies, and gained the character of an obstinate disturber of the peace of Europe.

At the same time, it may be admitted that, taking all the circumstances into account, a Conference affords the only way of escape from the immediate difficulty. To say that it settles nothing, that it leaves the roots of the mischief untouched, that it is simply an expedient invented to serve a momentary purpose, is true enough. But, after all, this is only another way of saying that the Eastern Question is at present incapable of a conclusive solution. The Conference does not introduce any new complications. At the worst it is only tantamount to a confession that the case is one which admits of nothing but palliatives. Still this admission is, as far as it goes, a reason rather for applying the palliatives than for withholding them. We know that a European war would be a great disaster; and though, if the Eastern Question could be finally and satisfactorily got rid of, it might be worth even that sacrifice, this is no reason for incurring so great a risk while we are ignorant what the event would be. In keeping the peace for the time we gain a certain good, and if this result can be achieved through the medium of a Conference, the fact that nothing else is achieved by it constitutes no argument against the experiment. That, supposing the Conference to be resolved on, it was prudent for England to concur with Turkey in confining the proceedings within the narrowest possible limits, does not need proof. A European discussion of the whole Eastern Question must necessarily turn to the account of those Powers who have a distinct policy in connexion with it. England has objects which she is compelled to insist upon, but she cannot as yet be said to have any precise policy through which to insist on them. Consequently, England more than any other Power would have suffered by the discussion being taken now. It is to be hoped that, by the time the Eastern Question does come on for final hearing, our ideas on the subject will have cleared.

The consideration of the points of the Turkish ultimatum to

which the labours of the Conference are to be restricted will raise some curious points of international law. The whole subject of the complicity of one Government in the aid rendered by its subjects to persons in insurrection against another Government is extremely thorny. Scarcely a rebellion has taken place in Europe without English volunteers having borne a part in it, and it would be difficult to show that the British Government made any effective demonstration against either the raising or the departure of the English Garibaldian legion. Blockade-running was a regular branch of British trade during the American civil war, and we doubt whether any official declaration against it went further than the statement of the Greek Minister for Foreign Affairs, that any steamer captured while running the blockade, resisting the Ottoman cruisers, or carrying contraband of war, may be seized as lawful prize. The Italian plenipotentiary may be conscious of a slight inconsistency in the Power which profited by a certain invasion of Sicily, and was not wholly innocent of a more recent invasion of the Papal States, sitting in judgment on Greece for practising the same arts on a smaller scale. It is unfortunate that the United States are not likely to be represented, as a glimpse might then have been afforded of an unfamiliar aspect of the American mind on the belligerent status of insurgents. The Conference will not be without its value if it teaches the useful, but hardly learnt, lesson, that those who play fast and loose with international law must be prepared to find it less efficacious than they might desire when it suits them to appeal to its provisions.

#### THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE.

WHILE journalists and the public were discussing the merits and failings of the Metropolitan Police, its Chief was dying. Since then a brief but painful disease has consummated that which forty years of unrelieved public work had failed to effect, and the illness and death of Sir R. MAYNE are simultaneously made known to the world. That Sir R. MAYNE was, either jointly or singly, at the head of the Metropolitan Force for the first forty years of its establishment, is his best eulogy. No man could have moulded and formed an institution of this kind, so novel, so foreign to general ideas and prejudices, without possessing administrative qualities of a very high character. That the Force is far from perfect is less his fault than the fault of those who planned and circumscribed it. That it can hardly be called popular is perhaps its highest praise. A popular constabulary, like a popular Proctor, would owe its general acceptance to a neglect of its most obvious duties. Whatever its unpopularity and its imperfections, it is infinitely better than anything that preceded it; and we know that its late chief gave forty years' unremitting attention to its management, shared its hardest labours and its most perilous duties, and was almost destitute of that intelligent assistance which his own position and the public exigencies required; and finally, that he died in harness.

Now that he is gone, it is for the Government to appoint a proper successor. This is not easy. The Head of the Police ought never to be popular, but at the same time he ought not to be ungracious or personally unpopular. He has an irksome office to fill, and unpleasant duties to discharge. His department and address should be such as not to aggravate the obnoxiousness of the one or the difficulty of discharging the other. He should be zealous without being fussy; firm without being obstinate or bullying; strict without being a martinet; and, above all things, he should be reticent and reserved. He should be able to win the entire confidence of his men by his calm and unimpassioned deportment, his discrimination of character, and his judicious estimate of services performed. It is superfluous to say that he should be diligent and punctual in his attendance at his office. It is the curse of the organization which he will have to superintend that prevents us from adding that he ought to be as familiar with the beats of his men as any sergeant of police. This is impossible as the department is at present constituted; and this very impossibility suggests the important changes which ought to be made in the organization of the force before it can attain the true standard of a Metropolitan Police.

One chief want which we have already indicated is the want of a body of commissioned officers between the three Commissioners and the sergeants and superintendents who correspond to the non-commissioned officers of the army. There is between the three gentlemen in Scotland Yard and these non-commissioned officers no person to rule and direct the 7,000 constables who guard the metropolis and its suburbs. Now, as many of these sergeants have been deservedly promoted from the ranks, they do not exercise that moral influ-

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ence over the privates which commissioned officers exercise over soldiers. The men regard them either as comrades or as spies upon themselves; and, too frequently, the inhabitants regard them as accomplices with the men in oppression or in corruption. If they are strict, they are suspected of seeking for bribes; if they are lax, of having received bribes. They are, in most cases, honest and upright officers; but, not being under the constant supervision of recognized superiors, they naturally contract easy and idle habits. They know that they are not liable to the sudden visits of the Commissioners at any moment. They make their own reports of their own and their men's doings. It is evident that in many ways this want of a proper staff affects the Force injuriously. In the first place, all men are the better for being watched and inspected. The greater the area of their duties, the greater the difficulty and need of watching them. In the next place, the authority of a superior officer would support the authority of the subordinate officer; in the third place, the interference of the superior officer would escape the imputations of spite, favouritism, and general unfairness which are so lavishly heaped upon the inferior. We are speaking now of the ordinary duties devolved upon the police by seventy different Acts of Parliament. The honest discharge of these duties implies the exercise of a very obnoxious and unpopular vigilance. It requires both courage and conscientiousness to see that taverns and saloons are closed at the prescribed hours, that beer is not sold at illegal seasons, that nuisances are not suffered to obstruct legitimate traffic, that lodging-houses are not crowded to the prejudice of health and decency, that notorious vagrants are not dodging timid folks, that pawnbrokers have not in possession goods suspected to be stolen, or, at any rate, have complied with the letter of the law in that respect; and fifty other matters which the law has placed within the sphere of police duties. Even in these things the counsel and countenance of a supreme officer are worth much. But there are other and rarer cases in which they are indispensable; in street riots, or in the assemblage of large crowds for objects ostensibly legitimate, but substantially illegal. In none of these matters has the private constable any authority to consult except his superintendent, and the superintendent has no one to whom he may refer except three gentlemen in Scotland Yard, from which he may be five or six miles distant. Is it surprising that, under such circumstances, signs of partiality should be exhibited, or of indiscreet zeal, or of culpable indifference? Is it wonderful that of the 2,000 men who are on daily duty, or of the 4,000 who are on duty at night, a certain proportion should execute their orders improperly, and others should not execute them at all? Or is it strange that that great *lâche* of which Mr. J. S. MILL speaks with exceptionally just severity in his last self-opinionated letter should have grown up in a body of men which knows little or nothing of superior authority? To be "tipped" for simply doing one's duty is not, indeed, so heinous a fault as being bribed to do something contrary to one's duty or beyond one's duty. But it shows a very imperfect sense of duty when men who are paid by the public to serve the public take money for their services from individual members of the public. The only defence of such misconduct (after that of insufficient supervision) is to be found in the fact that men enter the Police only for a short time, and wish to make the most out of it in that short time.

This leads us to another reform, of which we have spoken before, and which is of great importance. At present the Police is the refuge of destitute workmen who cannot find other employment, and who become constables till they can find work at their normal trades. Then they give the prescribed month's warning, and are at liberty to quit the Force. Now, so long as this facility of admission and discharge exists, so long will the police want that solidity and substance which it is so desirable that it should possess. No man cares for a vocation which he takes up as a *pis-aller*. The Police force should not be so easy either of admission or relinquishment. And the only way to ensure its reception and retention of good men is to make it worth their while to remain in the Force. Now two means of securing these results present themselves; one is by giving promotion, the other is by giving pensions. But only a limited number of privates can hope, even under the most favourable circumstances, to become inspectors and superintendents. The main body must look only to the alternative of continuing to earn their present pay so long as their health lasts, or of resuming some trade which will pay them better so long as they can work at it. Neither of these conditions is favourable to the introduction of intelligence or the encouragement of zeal. Each of them is darkened by the prospect of destitution in old age and death in the Poorhouse.

If good men are to be brought into the constabulary, they must be induced to remain in it by the certainty of a decent provision in their declining years. The same prospect which secures a perpetual succession of good clerks in the public offices, and of good soldiers in the army, will secure a succession of good policemen. In classes of men whose earnings do not allow them to save money, a certain provision for their declining years is a weighty consideration.

We have spoken of two reforms which seem to us as indispensable to the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police. We admit that they both require money, and that the rate-payers—who, in the suburbs at any rate, are already clamouring against the yearly augmentation of their burdens—are not likely to be propitiated in their favour. We are willing to rest their advocacy on the ground of true economy. London will soon have a population of four millions of human beings. It will be fully double the very highest estimate of the population of Rome at the time when JUVENAL described it to be dangerous for a decent citizen to walk the streets at night. It will be five times the lowest estimate of that population. It will include the most accomplished of the criminal and the most impracticable of the semi-criminal class; the most ferocious of the "roughs" and the most incurable of casual and vagrants. It will absorb the roguery, the violence, and the mendicancy of the whole kingdom. It will tax the energy and zeal of its 6,000 available policemen to the utmost. The choice lies between having a police incapable, and one that is capable of coping with the exigencies of the situation. Some sort of police, all are agreed, there must be. Whatever there is must be paid for. Shall we pay 8*d.* in the pound for an inefficient, or 1*s.* in the pound for an efficient, police? That is the question. Is it better to save our fourpennies and to go on seeing our streets unguarded, the patrols negligently kept, and our doors besieged by importunate mendicants; or to sacrifice our fourpennies for the certainty of regular and effective protection? Let people bear in mind that on the discipline, cohesion, and mobility of the police depends the security of metropolitan life and property. Let them then ask themselves whether this object is or is not worth paying for.

While we have pointed out two changes in the internal organization of the force which are indispensable to its usefulness, we cannot forget that, without some external changes, these will be comparatively sterile. The police may be drilled into a celerity of action which will succeed in pouncing on every third or fourth criminal in the actual commission of crime. But so long as notorious criminals who have already been twice or thrice convicted are living without any obvious honest calling; so long as they and their associates herd together in comfort and competence, secure against the inquiries of the police; so long, too, as those pawnbrokers and other receivers—reputable ratepayers many of them—who are justly termed the "capitalists of crime," are shielded by the beneficent protection of British law from any impertinent examination by the police, so long will the internal defences of felony remain untouched and impregnable. The conservatism of lawyers, the rooted prejudices in favour of the least applicable principles of our criminal jurisprudence, the weighty name of Mr. J. S. MILL, and the popular antipathy to surveillance, will long prevent any change in the direction indicated. But people must be just; and when they complain of the inefficiency of the constabulary, they must remember that its action is impeded and its vigour impaired by restrictions which are not known, and would not be tolerated, by any Continental nation.

#### SPAIN AND THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

IF the Duke of MONTPENSIER really wishes to be King of SPAIN he cannot be complimented on the means he has taken to attain his end. There is only one circumstance that could possibly have made it prudent for him to put himself prominently forward in Spanish affairs. If at the beginning of the Revolution the Provisional Government had adopted him as its candidate, he might perhaps have exercised a candidate's usual privilege, and issued an address to the electors. But when the Provisional Government decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Cortes, the most absolute silence became at once the truest policy. By maintaining a rigid silence upon the subject of his claims, the Duke of MONTPENSIER might certainly have saved his dignity and possibly gained a throne. If he wanted to demonstrate his readiness to accept the part of a simple Spanish citizen, he had nothing to do but to wait. A new Government is never anxious unnecessarily to mul-

tiply exiles, and as soon as the constitutional questions now awaiting an answer had been disposed of the DUKE would, without any effort of his own, have regained the rights he professes to value so highly. If, on the other hand, his ambition is greater than he avows, his course was equally simple. There was no fear of his being forgotten when the merits of different claimants came to be compared. His position as the brother-in-law of the late QUEEN marked him out for consideration of some kind. The greater the reserve displayed by him on the subject, the better would be the chance of this consideration taking a favourable turn. A character for reserve and want of ambition does occasionally serve a man in time of revolution. The world gets tired of candidates whose virtues are incessantly proclaimed by themselves or their friends, and when this happens, the crown may be offered by a sudden popular impulse to the one man who has shown no desire to possess it. This, at all events, was the combination for which the Duke of MONTPENSIER should have played. The same cause that secured his name being kept before the public—his relationship to the ex-QUEEN—operated as a *primâ facie* disqualification. By a judicious abstinence from Spanish politics, the force of this disqualification would have been reduced to a minimum, and at length, amidst the obvious objections to which other claimants are obnoxious, and the many difficulties which would follow upon the proclamation of a Republic, it might have altogether disappeared.

Instead of following the dictates alike of prudence and self-respect, the Duke of MONTPENSIER has acted in a way which will probably prove even more disastrous to his prospects than the most open canvass for the throne. His recent journey to Cordova was ingeniously calculated to aggravate the suspicions of the Spanish people; and if his published defence of the step has lessened the public alarm, it has lessened, in at least an equal degree, the estimation in which he has hitherto been held. The reasons which the Duke gives for "offering his sword to the Provisional Government," on the occasion of the insurrection at Cadiz, are singularly lame. His case is that the newspaper accounts of the outbreak led him to a wrong conclusion as to its nature. He regarded it as "the result of a combination between the 'several elements opposed to the Revolution.'" Thereupon he thought it his duty to place himself at the disposal of the Government. The natural way of doing this would have been to write or telegraph to Madrid, but, "in the conviction that 'it was more honourable in a soldier to wait for orders at the 'immediate centre of danger rather than at a long distance,'" he said nothing about his intention until he arrived at Cordova. There he learned that the insurrection was over, and that it had not contained any reactionary element. Upon making this discovery a new "duty" presented itself. This was "to abstain from any interference in the deplorable conflict 'between the Liberal parties,'" and in conformity with this view he immediately returned to Lisbon. Throughout the affair he only exercised the right of a citizen, and fulfilled the duty of a soldier, and he is greatly distressed to find that his natural and straightforward conduct should have given rise to unworthy suspicions. Indeed, there is so much about rights and duties in this eminently unwise letter, that it reads like a compendium of ethics. In spite, however, of its exalted morality, few people will believe that the Duke of MONTPENSIER really thought his services as a soldier so important to the Provisional Government that he was bound in conscience to proffer them. He might have been sure that if the authorities wanted him, they would have taken care to acquaint him with the fact. No matter what "combination of elements" there might have been at Cadiz, his support would neither have added strength to the Government nor called forth enthusiasm in the people. Indeed, as it turned out, the Duke's presence in the field would indirectly have aided the insurgents. The Republican leaders could ask for no more fortunate coincidence than the adhesion of a BOURBON Prince to the cause of the Government against which they were fighting. It would have supplied them with just the evidence they wanted to the existence of a secret design to force a monarchy upon Spain. We have criticized the Duke of MONTPENSIER's conduct on the assumption that it was the product of his unassisted brain. According to another hypothesis, it was the result of an arrangement between him and some members of the Provisional Government. In that case the Duke has been ill-advised as well as foolish. In the friends of a man in his situation discretion is at least as valuable a quality as zeal itself.

The Duke of MONTPENSIER's blunder has naturally been turned to account by the Spanish Republicans. That this party is preparing to make a serious struggle for power may

now be taken as certain. It has carried a large majority of the recent municipal elections, and unless the peasantry should show an unexpected devotion to the monarchical principle, there is reason to anticipate that the elections for the Cortes will result in a similar triumph. If this turns out to be the case, the Provisional Government will find it very difficult to oppose a conclusion which they have themselves practically invited. How to do without a king is a lesson quickly learnt, and the Duke of SERRANO and General PRIM have taken care that the Spanish people should have full time to study it. Had a king been proclaimed early in the Revolution, a great many Spaniards who are now ardent Republicans would never have shaken off their traditional impressions. The smoothness with which events have gone on for the last three months has enabled them to see that even in Spain a monarch is not a necessary of life. The fact is not, under present circumstances, one to be much regretted. When the chief of a revolutionary executive is a man of great ability and resolution, it is perhaps better that he should be called King rather than President. In the latter position he will be subject to constant temptations either to extend the tenure or to increase the powers of his office; in the former, he will already hold the throne for life, and he will consequently no longer have before his eyes any necessary object of ambition. If NAPOLEON III. had started as King of the French, he might never have developed into an Emperor. But where there is no ruler forthcoming of any energy of intellect or character, while at the same time Republican principles have made considerable progress in the country, to put an incapable man at the head of affairs is to provoke conspiracies and disturbances of all kinds. A strong and capable Government will always in the long run secure the support of the people in the face of a merely theoretical Opposition. But where this recommendation does not exist, the effect of royalty is merely to supply the Republican propagandists with a constant instance with which to point their arguments.

The want of a candidate of any conspicuous merit is perhaps a reason with the members of the Provisional Government for clinging to monarchical institutions. At least it is unintelligible that they should display any devotion to the abstract idea, unless they see in its triumph an ultimate exaltation of themselves. No class of men like to lose power after they have once possessed it, and the authors of a military revolution are rarely exceptions to this rule. The Duke of SERRANO and General PRIM may differ as to the forms under which the Government shall be carried on, but they will probably be found to agree that the question is one which ought to be determined by the army. If the Republican party has made up its mind to put the army under the effective control of the civil power, the struggle between these two theories can hardly fail to be formidable. Unfortunately, if the Republicans prevail they are almost sure to lay the foundations, even in the moment of victory, of a tremendous reaction. There is no ground for supposing that the majority of the party advocate either communism or atheism; but there are certainly some members of it with whom hostility to property and to religion is an essential article of faith. As the Revolution goes forward, these men are more and more likely to gain the upper hand, and in that case the first work of the Republic will be to unite against itself all who hold property and all who believe in the Church. So long as neither of these classes are attacked, the great mass of the respectable Catholic population will remain practically neutral between the contending parties. But when once the rich and the devout are animated by a common alarm, they will range themselves on the side of order. It was by their support, more even than by that of the army, that the *coup d'état* was achieved in France, and the same causes may be safely trusted to produce the same result elsewhere. If the Republican party intends to rule Spain, it should set itself first of all to restrain the excesses of individual Republicans. For every house sacked, every church pillaged, every priest mobbed, every image turned into a target, a score of neutral politicians will be converted into confirmed foes. Taken by themselves they may be powerless to retaliate, but they will bide their time, and they have sufficient passive weight to give irresistible force to the man who makes himself their champion. No revolution runs its course unchecked without bringing a "saviour of society" in its train; and if in Spain neither a first nor a second NAPOLEON has yet turned up, we may expect that one or the other will be forthcoming so soon as circumstances are favourable to his advent.



## THE NEW OXFORD STATUTE.

THE gravest changes often spring from the most apparently trivial causes. It is easy to sneer at the idea of the whole Christian world being set by the ears by the insertion or omission of an iota, or to laugh at the early martyrs for preferring to be burnt rather than throw a few grains of incense on the sacrificial fire. The natural inference would be, not that the Christians were little better than raving lunatics, but that the iota and the incense, however trifling to all appearance, really involved an important principle. When, therefore, we were lately told by an Oxford Professor that the new lodging-house statute constitutes an era in the history of the University, and is an event of great national as well as great academical importance, it would be irrelevant to reply that a statute enabling some few dozen undergraduates to live in lodgings in the town, instead of being obliged to spend their first three years of residence within college walls, can hardly have such momentous results as he anticipates. At the same time we are inclined to think, for reasons which will appear presently, that Mr. BONAMY PRICE, and those whose opinions in this case he represents, have very largely over-estimated the actual consequences likely to follow from the change. Nor are we at all sure that, if their expectation were realized, it would be an unmixed benefit. That it was desirable, even in the interest of the colleges themselves, to abolish the legal monopoly of the colleges first established by LAUD, there can be little doubt, nor was there much difference of opinion on the subject among Oxford residents, whether of the Liberal or Conservative school. A similar proposal was indeed recently rejected at Cambridge, but more from objections raised to some of its details than on any ground of abstract principle. As yet the only observable effect of the change at Oxford has been to bring some sixteen "unattached" students into residence, and to enable some of the colleges to relegate a few supernumerary freshmen into licensed lodgings till there are rooms vacant for them in college. But the statute has only been in operation during a single term, and any attempt to judge of its working would obviously at present be premature. It is more to the purpose to inquire what are the expectations formed by those most sanguine about the probable improvements to be effected by the measure, and how far such expectations are reasonable.

For some time past complaints have been heard from the most opposite quarters of the growing idleness and luxury of Oxford life, and two distinguished authorities, differing in much else, have prescribed the somewhat homœopathic remedy of abolishing pass examinations, with the avowed object, however, of eventually getting rid of the passmen. We are far from sympathizing with the veteran M.A. who observed, when he voted against Mr. GLADSTONE, that "he always had gone against those d—d intellectuals, and he always would"; but for *alma mater* to exclude from her embrace all but the most intellectual of her children does certainly look very like abdicating a very important branch of her functions. To say that no one who cannot or will not rise beyond the standard of the pass schools shall be admitted to Oxford at all, is to exclude from the many civilizing and elevating influences of the place a very large number of those who stand in the greatest need of them. The fact that the University has hitherto been too much of a lounge for the wealthy and indolent classes is no reason for closing its doors against all who have not the stimulus to industry afforded by distinctly intellectual tastes, or by the necessity of making their own way in the world. Such, at least, is not the error of those who anticipate great things from the destruction of the college monopoly. On the contrary, they insist that, if Oxford is to be really national, the bulk of the students must always be passmen, and that the pass degree is the matter to be chiefly thought of. And they look for an immense increase in the number of students, from the diminished expense and altered system of instruction likely to be brought about by the removal of compulsory collegiate residence. This last is, of course, a question which only experience can decide. But there are some very obvious considerations which may fairly be taken into account to moderate over sanguine hopes. In the first place, any such numerical accession as those who are fond of contrasting modern with mediæval Oxford sometimes talk about, would make discipline next to impossible. "Thirty thousand," it has been pertinently observed, and by an ardent Oxford reformer, "are the legendary object of our aspirations; five thousand would probably be an anarchy." Eton with its eight or nine hundred boys has almost become too unwieldy for efficient control, and was called some years ago, by Sir J. COLERIDGE, "a boy university." But five thousand undergraduates would be far more unmanageable than a thou-

sand schoolboys, because the same kind of discipline cannot be applied to them. But this is not all. Supposing the ideal multitude of students could be properly managed if they came, is it likely that they will come merely because they can come into lodgings, instead of into college? We suspect not. The grand plea urged for thinking so is the diminished cost of the University curriculum under the new regulations. But why are lodgings less expensive than residence within college walls? Not, surely, because the direct expenses are necessarily smaller. A pamphlet appeared the other day from the pen of an experienced Tutor of St. John's, Cambridge, urging that colleges can provide a cheaper dinner than lodginghouse-keepers, owing to the large number they have to provide for. And it is clear on the face of it that he is right. He accordingly advocates the enlargement of college accommodation to its utmost possible limits, the cutting down of expenses, and the restriction of pecuniary rewards as far as possible to those who need them most. The latter point involves too wide a discussion to be entered upon here, but in his former suggestions Mr. TORRY will find many to agree with him in both Universities. An important step has already been taken in that direction, by the leading college at Cambridge, in the erection of a new block of buildings for about a hundred students from funds bequeathed by the late Master, Dr. WHEWELL. Still it is quite true, as a fact, that residence in college is dear, and that students are able, if they choose, to live more cheaply in lodgings. But that is partly because the scale of college expenditure has to be more or less adapted to the convenience of the wealthier class, and much more because the habits of society in college are expensive. This is the real root of the difficulty. And the lodging-house solution only unties the knot by cutting it. True, it relieves the out-college student from the social expenses of college life, but then it relieves him from the society too. And the question is, whether any large number of men will care to come to the University to undergo this kind of social ostracism. There is such a thing as *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. And there can be no doubt whatever that on at least two-thirds of those who now go to Oxford the indirect education of the place, through the conflict of mind with mind and "keen encounter of their wits," leaves to the full as indelible a mark as the direct education of lectures and examinations. And then, again, there are the opportunities afforded of forming useful or desirable connexions, which are to many parents one main attraction in sending their sons there; and from this advantage the undergraduate in lodgings would ordinarily be excluded.

There is one answer sometimes made to all such objections which has a certain hypothetical force. It is said that a sufficient number of these new students will make their appearance to constitute a separate society by themselves. In other words, there would be a sort of Scotch or German University, composed chiefly of youths of a lower social position, existing side by side with the old collegiate University. It may fairly be questioned whether such a result would be beneficial if it were attained. But we need not discuss that here. The probability of its attainment is, according to all human calculation, infinitesimal. The wealth, the name, the prestige of the colleges, and the traditions of some four centuries—for LAUD did little more than authenticate and stereotype accomplished facts—are against it. Oxford, to use the words of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, "is a University of Colleges, and a University of Colleges it will remain." But, moreover, in all calculations about the number of students who will come up into lodgings, based on the supposed analogy of Scotch or German Universities, the most essential factors of the comparison are tacitly ignored. The Scotch Universities answer more to our public schools than to Oxford or Cambridge. Boys of fifteen often come to study there, instead of youths of nineteen or twenty. And of those who come or remain later, a very considerable proportion are preparing for ordination in the Presbyterian Church. In the German Universities there is no fixed term of residence, and there are no regular examinations, either for pass or class. Few of the students, except those who are going into the Church, take a degree at all. And of the rest a large number are destined for Government offices, for which the University curriculum is required. No trustworthy inference can be drawn from the lecture-rooms of Heidelberg or Glasgow as to the number of poor students who would resort to a cheapened Oxford simply for the educational advantages of the University course, unless other and much more fundamental changes than any involved in the exemption from collegiate residence are first introduced. To men who have to make their living, time is money. And a poor man cannot afford to wait

till he is twenty-two or twenty-three before beginning to earn his livelihood. This is one main ingredient in the expensiveness of Oxford, and no mere rearrangement of the tariff touches it. If the degree examinations were put back practically to an earlier age, and the education were made professional instead of liberal, as to a great extent it is at the German Universities, the matter would be different. But as long as it is admitted that mental power and general information, not utility, are the proper objects and tests of University education, this cannot be done without revolutionizing the whole system. Special studies, or the more elementary and scientific branches of them, might indeed be domesticated at Oxford in fact, where they already exist in name; but, if the traditional character of the system is to be maintained, they would have to supervene on a general course of education, not to become its substitute.

We have chiefly confined ourselves here to the financial aspects of the question. There are other points, connected with the operation of the new statute in its bearing on the teaching of the University, of very great importance, and we may perhaps take another opportunity of adverting to them. In the meantime, let it be clearly understood that we are very far from meaning to imply any sort of censure on the change already introduced. It was clearly right to abolish an unreasonable restriction, even if very little comes of it practically. Some of those who may claim to speak with authority think, as we observed on a previous occasion, that a great deal will come of it; and, at all events, the experiment of attracting those who are deterred from entering the University by the expense of college life is quite worth making, even if only a few should avail themselves of the opportunity offered. The other experiment of a cheap college, which is also about to be tried, is in some respects more hopeful. If it should turn out to be chiefly sought after by intending candidates for orders who are unable to bear the cost of the present colleges, and if a large percentage of the new lodgers should belong to the same class, an important service will be rendered to the Church in diminishing the percentage of Literates and St. Bees men among her ministers. There is no reason why other new colleges should not be founded, or the existing colleges enlarge their area, whether by additional buildings, as has already been done at Christ Church and Merton, or by a partial adoption of the Cambridge system of allowing their surplus undergraduates to live in licensed lodgings. The affiliation of local colleges is another possible method of making the influence of Oxford more widely felt in the country. That the available limits of University Extension, by any or all of these plans, will fall considerably short of what some of their advocates reckon upon, we see good grounds for believing. Nor are we sure that the University would be in all respects benefited if their hopes were realized; for a University has other functions to discharge besides that of teaching the greatest possible number of young men. But that is no reason for not attempting whatever can be done consistently with the character of the place and the due administration of necessary discipline. *Solvitur ambulando.*

#### RITUALISM AND THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

IT is not our intention to comment on the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of *MARTIN v. MACKONCHIE*. The decision of a Court of final appeal is beyond the reach of criticism, unless there is any reason to suppose that, if it can be shown to be erroneous, there is a legislative remedy within reach. All the casuistical skill that the Ritualists can muster has been employed for the last ten days in picking holes in Lord CAIRNS's law; and if it is true that Lord WESTBURY and Sir WILLIAM ERLE dissented from the conclusion arrived at by the majority of the Committee, the process may not be difficult. But the triumph will at best be a barren one. Parliament will certainly not supply a statutable interpretation of the rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer more favourable to Mr. MACKONCHIE than the judicial interpretation of Lord CAIRNS and his colleagues. Be the judgment good or bad, it is the authoritative exposition of the ecclesiastical law on the subject, and to it, with a good or bad grace, the defendant will have to submit. The real interest of the matter lies in the effect which the judgment will have upon the position of the Ritualists in the Church of England. What changes will they be compelled to make in their manner of conducting public worship, and what will probably be the influence of these compulsory changes on those who have to submit to them?

The decision of the Privy Council, taken in connexion with

the previous decision of the Dean of the ARCHES, has been regarded by a good many people as absolutely fatal to the continuance of Ritualist services. There can be no doubt that the two judgments do prohibit for the future several of the most significant and striking ceremonies which have been in use at St. Alban's and elsewhere. There can be no "censing of persons or things," no mixing of water with the sacramental wine, no conspicuous elevation of the consecrated elements, no kneeling after the consecration of the bread, no lighting of candles on the altar, except for the purpose of giving light. When the first two of these practices were forbidden by the Dean of the ARCHES, the defeated party comforted themselves with the reflection that they had gained the two points of greatest doctrinal and symbolical moment—the kneeling in the middle of the consecration prayer, and the use of lighted candles in the day time. Now this consolation is taken from them. A partial victory has been converted into a complete defeat. Every one of the ceremonies objected to by the prosecutor has been condemned; and more than this, the Court has made all further resuscitation of pre-Reformation ceremonies impossible by deciding that every such ceremony which is not retained in the present Prayer Book must be held to be abolished by the terms of the Acts of Uniformity. For the future, therefore—so some of our contemporaries argue—the services of the Ritualist churches must be brought down to the usual Protestant level, and, if the Ritualist clergy are consistent, their only choice will be between becoming Roman Catholics and setting up a free church themselves. Which will they do?

We believe, for our own part, that they will do neither, and for this reason. Even when the judgment of the Judicial Committee has been strictly obeyed, the worship at St. Alban's and other churches of the same school will be of a perfectly different type from that which has usually been adopted in England. The judgment of the same Court in the case of *WESTERTON v. LIDDELL* established the legality of the ornaments which are most disliked by the Evangelical party. The sculptured reredos, the cross behind the altar, the variously coloured altar cloths, the credence table—all those peculiarities of construction and furniture which are popularly supposed to make the chancels of many Anglican churches so indistinguishable from the corresponding portion of a Roman Catholic edifice, will "remain as they have done in times past." Nor is the position of the priest at the altar, one of the points of High Church practice which give most offence to extreme members of the opposite party, at all affected by the present judgment. Further, the principle maintained by the Court, that the only legal ornaments "of the church and of the ministers thereof" are those which were in use "by the authority of Parliament in the second year of the reign of King EDWARD the Sixth," and that by this term "ornaments" is meant such articles as are prescribed by the Prayer Book of 1549, brings into new prominence the absolute legality of what are known in ultra-Protestant circles as "mass vestments." If there is one thing more than another which to ordinary eyes differentiates the Roman mass from the Anglican Communion service, it is the dress of the priest; and now the Court of final appeal has again declared that in the intention of the law this is substantially identical in the two cases. It is not improbable, therefore, that one of the first results of the judgment in *MARTIN v. MACKONCHIE* will be a more extensive use of vestments. Hitherto many of the clergy have considered the use of lighted candles a sufficient concession to the Ritualist principle, and have consequently not discarded the customary surplice. Now that this compromise has been made impossible, they may be expected shortly to appear in all the glory of chasubles and tunics. Nor, again, does the judgment touch in any way the position or gestures of the assistant ministers. Consequently the grouping, so to speak, of the clergy in front of the altar will remain the same, and all but the actual celebrant will be at liberty to express their devotion by kneeling how and when they please. The result of all this seems to be that the actual changes in the service will be of far less moment than people think. A man who has found himself unable to attend St. Alban's on Sunday mornings will not have his course made much the easier by the Privy Council. The altar candles will not be lighted, and the officiating priest will not kneel till after he has consecrated both the elements. This is the amount of the alteration, and to speak of it as an utter subversion of Ritualist ceremonial is, to say the least, an immense exaggeration.

But, it is argued, the importance of the judgment lies in the fact that it forbids all expression by gesture of the doctrine of the Real Presence; and since to the clergy concerned this is an essential article of belief, they cannot consistently remain



ministers of a church which imposes such a prohibition. When this reasoning comes to be looked into, it appears that this very wide conclusion is held to follow from a somewhat small fact. In the opinion of the Judicial Committee, the Church of England does not prescribe, and therefore by implication forbids, the priest to kneel during the Prayer of Consecration. After the Prayer of Consecration he may kneel, indeed is ordered to kneel, but he must not, as at St. Alban's he has heretofore done, kneel for a moment between the consecration of the two elements. But every ritual must set some limit to the outward devotion of the minister, or else no two services would be alike. In the Roman Church the gestures of the priest at mass are carefully prescribed, and in so far as they are prescribed the use of any other is forbidden. It is not uncommon to hear Ritualists say that the Roman Catholic service strikes them as less reverent than their own, and if this is examined, it usually turns out to mean that the priest, being told exactly what he is to do, has much less opportunity of exhibiting his individual devotion than has hitherto been enjoyed by the clergy of the Church of England. But the mere imposition of a particular gesture at a particular moment cannot fairly be taken as equivalent to the prohibition of the doctrine supposed to be symbolized by some other gesture. If we suppose that the Anglican Church regards the consecration of the elements as one and the same act, there ceases to be anything significant in her not ordering the consecrator to kneel until the act is complete. To convert this into an implicit denial of the doctrine of the Real Presence is as illogical as it would be to draw a similar inference from the fact that the Roman Church orders the celebrating priest to communicate standing.

Looking at the matter all round, therefore, we hold, as we have held from the time the suit was instituted, that the judgment in *MARTIN v. MACKONCHIE* is of very small practical moment. Indeed, in one respect it does the Ritualists a service, by bringing out the fact more prominently that on two points—the non-use of vestments and the omitting to stand during the Prayer of Consecration “before the table,” that is, with his back to the people—the law is broken by every Evangelical clergyman every time he administers the Communion. If Ritualism is to be put down by law, it can only be done in one of two ways. Either a decision must be obtained from the Privy Council that certain doctrines cannot lawfully be preached in the Church of England, or an Act of Parliament must be passed to make certain alterations in the present Prayer Book. Either of these expedients will do the required work. Whether they would not do a good deal more in addition, is a question which may be profitably commended to the consideration of Lord SHAFTESBURY and his friends.

#### PAUPERISM AND EMIGRATION.

THE letter from Australia which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday came at a very opportune moment. From various causes the enthusiasm on behalf of emigration which was so general fifteen or twenty years back has long ago died out. This fact may be accounted for in various ways. When the scheme was first suggested it was too often treated as a universal and immediate remedy; and when people found that poverty was too inveterate a disease in England to be cured in a day they grew first impatient, and next indifferent. Emigration again has become discredited owing to its indiscriminate application to all classes of the population. It has been forgotten that a new country does not require all the qualifications of which there is a superabundance in civilized society. It does not follow, because England can only find work for ten men out of twenty, that Australia should be able as a matter of course to find work for the remaining ten. As regards certain trades and professions the colonies are almost as much overstocked as the Mother-country. There is as little demand for head-work of any kind in the one as in the other. Nor, again, is there the opening there once was for the employment of small capitals. Men must not go to Australia with the notion of making their fortunes in a few years, and coming home again. In all these ways there have been a good many illusions to be dispelled, and the process has occasionally been carried on with some roughness. The consequence is that the discouragement has extended over a wider circle than that to which it is properly applicable. People hear that emigration has in many cases been a failure, and they draw a universal conclusion from a particular premiss. They do not consider that the same colony which leaves clerks and fine gentlemen to make their way home as they best can may be languishing all the time for a few shiploads of labourers or artisans. Nor has the selection of emigrants been always as

prudent as it might have been. We have thought too much of the immediate relief to ourselves. Consequently, the stream has not been maintained by a continuous demand from the colonies. They are anxious to get what they want from England, but they are not on that account willing to take anything they can get. In the case of the agricultural labourer, some at least of the neglect with which projects of emigration have been regarded must be traced to the instinctive self-interest displayed by many of the farmers. By and by, no doubt, they will be joint gainers with their labourers from the advantages derived by the latter through an improvement of their material condition. They will have their work better done, and, when they find this truth out for themselves, they will no longer grudge the labourer better wages. But, in the first instance, emigration on a large scale would be a dead loss to the farmer, since he would have to pay higher wages without immediately reaping the benefit in improved work. And to many men even the consciousness of getting proportionately more for their money does not compensate for the pain of having to expend the larger sum.

The Melbourne Correspondent of the *Times* has wisely put side by side with his own description of the condition of the labourer in Australia, Canon GIRDLESTONE's description of the labourer in Devonshire. In Australia “the roughest and least skilled labourers earn their 5s. a day.” A common shepherd “gets 40l. a year and his rations.” The progress from one class to another is rapid; “farm labourers grow into farmers on their own account, and skilled mechanics into contractors.” The commonest labourer has his Sunday suit, his little holiday finery, his weekly or even daily newspaper. Instead of giving up any of the benefits of civilization, he literally tastes them for the first time. In his new home he develops all kinds of new wants, and becomes, intellectually as well as physically, a larger man than before. There is no fear that these advantages will grow less by being shared among a greater number. “With millions of acres of untilled land, with a superfluity of everything necessary to the existence of man, you cannot easily overdo this country with human hands.” The Australians are trying to find a market for some of their superfluous meat by sending it preserved to England. It is certainly worth considering whether the same end might not be better answered by sending a few hundred thousand Englishmen to eat it fresh in Australia. For what, after all, is there to detain them in this country? The inducements offered in North Devon are very well summed up by Canon GIRDLESTONE in an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for December. An agricultural labourer gets 9s. a week—till within the last year 8s. was the usual figure—and from three pints to two quarts of cider a day. Part of his wages is sometimes paid in grist, or in wheat too small in grain to be sent to market, an arrangement which is beneficial or the reverse according as wheat is high or low. He works from seven in the morning to five or half-past five in the evening—less an hour and a-half for meals; but he is often kept two or three hours later without its being counted as overtime. In winter he is liable to frequent deductions from the week's pay, owing to the weather being too bad to work in. He is miserably housed, miserably clad, and miserably fed. His breakfast consists of slices of bread soaked in a pint and a half of hot water, with occasionally a little milk added. These occasions, however, are extremely few, for of late years milk has been scarcely attainable in rural districts. The farmer has now so many opportunities of disposing of it wholesale that it does not answer his purpose to retail it, except at a higher price than the labourer can afford to give. For luncheon and dinner he has bread and skim-milk cheese. At supper he does get his one hot meal in the shape of potatoes and cabbage, flavoured, if he is able to keep a pig, with a little bacon. He is absolutely at the farmer's mercy, for, if he is turned away, he may find it difficult to get other employment; and besides, his cottage often belongs to his master, and if he quarrels with him, he runs the risk of being turned out on the road. Of course there are many parts of England to which this description does not apply. It is on this fact that Canon GIRDLESTONE has built the scheme, of which we have more than once spoken, of making provision for transplanting labourers and their families from North Devon and 9s. a week, to other counties where the wages range from 12s. to 20s. a week. But even supposing this benevolent idea could be systematically carried out, it would soon defeat its own object. If by distributing the labourers of England more equally over the country the minimum of wages can be raised, it is obvious that this can only be done on a large scale by means of a corresponding reduction of the maximum. A mere rearrangement of the wage fund can only benefit those who are worst off by taking something from those who are best off. Even this would be

an improvement on the present state of things, since, if the agricultural labourer uniformly received 15s. a week, the standard of comfort prevailing among the class generally would probably be higher than when, as at present, there is so great a distance between the highest and lowest extremes. Still, the utmost success that could attend upon Canon GIRDLESTONE'S plan would be attained far more effectually by a well-organized scheme of emigration.

There is another class of persons to whom a fresh start in a colony would be of inestimable importance. This is the pauper population of the East of London. We drew attention not long since to the very serious evils which are impending over that district. That emigration is the only remedy that can really deal with the mischief hardly admits of question. Pauperism in East London is no mere temporary infliction; it is rapidly becoming, if indeed it has not already become, the normal condition of many thousands. Charity, as the word is ordinarily understood, only aggravates the evil. The Poor Law is powerless to deal with it, partly because, as the law stands at present, the requisite amount of relief cannot be raised from the East-end parishes without reducing many of the ratepayers to beggary, and partly because a population supported from any other source than its own labour constantly tends to become more numerous. The disease grows with the remedy. In the extension of emigration to this class, very much more caution would be necessary than in dealing with the agricultural labourer. The selection of unfit subjects for the experiment might easily bring the process into discredit both at home and in the colonies; and in the case of a district which has already to a considerable extent been drained of its able-bodied inhabitants, it will be requisite to take great care not to increase the number of those whom the loss of a son or a brother would condemn to absolute helplessness. We have no doubt that the East-end Emigration Committee is thoroughly alive to the importance of avoiding these dangers, but we would suggest to them that the publication of a detailed statement of the method on which they proceed might greatly enhance the flow of public liberality. It is quite time, however, that the Government should again take up the whole subject. It is not one which can be adequately handled by any subordinate agency. The interests opposed to any extensive emigration, especially of the agricultural population, are too numerous to be opposed with success, except by that complete organization which only official persons can command. Lord GRANVILLE could not better signalize his tenure of the Colonial Office than by the construction, in concert with the Colonial authorities, of a system by which the opportunity of emigration should be offered to those with whom the first condition of any moral or intellectual improvement is the amelioration of that physical wretchedness in which they now live.

#### TARES.

THE French have a characteristically neat phrase for the incidental weaknesses of a strong nature, whether specially or generally strong, when they say of a man that he has *les défauts de ses qualités*. The theory underlying this phrase is that every virtue has attendant upon it its own particular fault, that the qualities which give a man this or that superiority bring in their train accompanying qualities that tend to inferiority, that we pay for exceptional gifts by a special price; or, to put it metaphorically, that along with the wheat nature, who is as much an enemy as a friend, is pretty sure to have sown a due crop of tares. Tares belong to wheat, on this theory; no wheat without them. This is something different from the commonplace saying that every man has his faults, that nobody is wholly good, and the like. Such faults as are implied in this accepted platitude are not the defects of one's qualities, but of one's humanity; and to say of anybody that he has these is to indulge in the sterile philosophy of the teatable, and to say sometimes less than nothing. Tares are not merely the weaknesses of fallible mortals as such, but the weaknesses which belong to unusual excellence of any kind, and which spring up alongside of extraordinarily valuable products of character, as if by the selfsame process and law of growth. They are the cost or the penalty, if you like, of any given excellence. If you have uncommon strength on one side, be sure that it has been purchased, consciously or unconsciously, by weakness in some other quarter; that an excessive development here has subtracted so much from the normal development there. It would be an extremely serviceable thing if somebody would draw up a list of virtues, and would then proceed to assign to each of them its private and peculiar defect; we should then know on which side to be wary, both for ourselves and for other people. Conscious of some particular merit, we should then be conscious at the same moment of the likelihood of our being weakened by the particular demerit corresponding to it, and, thus forewarned, it would, at any rate, be our own fault if we should not be also forearmed. As it is, for lack

of such a list of virtues and corresponding vices—Aristotle's is only an outline, after all—we are forced to trust to personal experience, and the worst of the lessons of experience is that they mostly come too late to be very useful. Men find out that it is a mistake to foster this viper or that, after the brute has bitten them and the venom has got well into the current of their veins. Still, in recognising the tares that have grown up, in watching against them, in carefully extirpating them, a man might fairly be expected to show himself assiduous, careful, unremitting, because all the time he might be consoled in reflecting that they are the signs and attendants of good grain, and that it is only because he has exceptional virtues that he is bound to be more on his guard than other men against the failings which belong to them. It is sorry work paying for pleasures that have been enjoyed, but who will grudge the constant labour of checking the too luxuriant growth of qualities which only exist because he is better than other people in other qualities, and every check upon which is an immediate help to those other qualities in which he is superior? The reward is direct, and the impulse sufficiently stimulating.

The table of the "defects of qualities," or the catalogue of the various species of tares which belong to the various species of good moral or intellectual grain, if it is to be anything like exhaustive, will be long and complicated, though there is no reason why it should be too complicated to be intelligible. Its leading divisions and classes, especially in the moral order, will be very plain indeed. The most superficial observation of men discloses certain traits which seem invariably to co-exist with certain other traits. For example, rapidity of intelligence is a gift of very great value, and it is not common. The rarity of it is one of the main reasons why the world moves forward so slowly. Most people desire to follow the best course in politics, in knowledge, in belief; but then to know the best course it is indispensable that we should have gone through a long series of successive and distinct efforts of intelligence. For want of rapidity, natural or acquired by training, men make no way; the slowness with which they succeed in making one or two efforts wearies and discourages them, and they fall back into the sluggish ways of cold obstruction, taking firm root at the point where their intelligence has been arrested by some combination of accident and internal *defillance*, and then drawing around themselves a fixed and for ever unalterable boundary of all that is to be known and thought and felt and believed by mortal men. Besides keeping a man's mind open, rapidity of intelligence has a practical value of the most obvious kind in many other ways; but mark the tares which nearly always spring up by the side of this most attractive and serviceable quality. For one thing, you seldom find anybody possessed of it who has not also a tinge, mostly a very decided tinge indeed, of impatience with people less rapid than himself. In controversy or in conduct he cannot endure to be unequally yoked, for ever so short a time, with those of slower pace and shorter breath. This is a defect which need not be enlarged upon, if we only remember how slow the average pace of intelligence is, and, in the second place, how much a man must consort with average creatures if he wishes to do anything in the world. There is another defect, as serious intellectually as this is serious morally, and which is equally allied with rapidity. The exhilaration of swift motion over subjects is so delicious as to indispose him who has the faculty for it for laborious penetration into the darker and rockier depths of subjects. The bright and ever shifting view of wide campaigns and the sense of motion are too fascinating; they make the slow and tedious sinking of a shaft too repulsive and disgusting. There are other defects incident to the qualities of swift intelligence—all avoidable, because, to a man who is always on the alert and has real strength, there is no such thing in character as necessity; but all very apt to seize upon him by reason of his virtue, and for the same reason difficult to resist and very likely to take firm root with double speed. It is easy to see in this case with what fatal fertility the tares would be likely to grow up and gain upon the wheat, how eventually they might wholly choke it, rapidity of intelligence being made absolutely good for nothing by the attending crop of vices—of impatience, haste, superficiality, and the rest.

Take the group of qualities which belong to a keen appreciation of all the joys of sense. There are few more fruitful mental possessions than a rightly disciplined sensuousness, a capacity of finding delight by all the channels of sense, in colour, in form, in melody, in rhythm, in warmth, in brightness. Our climate is so unfavourable to this, as also is the fibre of our race, and the hardness of temper which both have combined to produce, that we do not find sensuous quality very common among us; indeed the very name seems to have something of an evil savour about it. Yet no words are needed to prove that anything which adds to the sources of delight of its possessor, and through him to those of others, must be worth having and worth praising. Still fewer words are wanted to prove that in this particular crop, at any rate, the chance of a luxuriant growth of tares is uncommonly good. The kind of tares that spring up along with a sensuous disposition is that which lies most directly in the path of the moralist, and is so glaring and conspicuous that people not seldom suppose that the whole patch is incapable of bearing anything but tares, and those, too, of the very worst description that can stifle goodness in the human mind. The popular clumsiness of dialect and inaccuracy of definition notoriously makes no difference between sensuousness proper and sensuousness low, ignoble, undisciplined and gross, which is sensuality; and there is a certain conformity to actual tendencies in this. Few good crops need such assiduous



watching. In the first place, a sensuous man is as likely to impoverish his character by giving the delights of sense a rank over the satisfaction of the understanding, as a man of an opposite sort is to neglect the side of sense and cultivate his understanding only in an arid and narrow manner. In the second place, sensuousness unwatched tends to stifle the social and humane sympathies. People who lay themselves out to excess for pleasures of sense, even those which are most mixed with the most refined pleasures of intelligence, had need take care lest they begin to cherish an inhuman aversion to think of the hideous sorrows of men that lie at their door, and from which no good man can systematically turn away his eye without acquiring that deliberate callousness which is the very hatefullest of vices. In the same way, largeness and intensity of æsthetic sense in excess undoubtedly breed a perilous and dwarfing indifference to politics. Artists are notorious for their apathy about public matters—a defect which, in the eyes of persons with any theory about character and society worth discussing, is fully as disgraceful as some of those other defects on which public opinion is much more severe because they happen to be grosser in their overt manifestations.

If Englishmen are weak in their appreciation on the side of sense, they are exceedingly strong in the virtue of enterprise; and, for the same reason that quickens their sight to the tares in the field of sensuousness, they are a little blind to the flourishing crop that thrives in their own favourite field. The enterprising temper draws its possessor along a narrow path beset with several pitfalls. For example, he is in peril of valuing enterprise too highly for its own sake, until it becomes sometimes not much better than the torment of restlessness; for the sake of enterprise he forgets its causes and ends. The ideal of a serene existence, where all is in stable equilibrium, drops out of sight and mind, or is only remembered to be despised as unmanly, indolent, slothful. If you are not moving, making ever more and more money, acquiring new reputation, restlessly promoting new undertakings, extending connexions, and generally, if you are not penetrated by stir and bustle, you are considered to be as a plant or a tree in which the sap has ceased to rise. Yet the lost ideal was worth preserving; to be without it, to have put it away from among our ends, is to be paying too heavy a price for our exuberance of vigour. Take, again, the highly valuable quality of self-abnegation. In a world where pushing and stirring is so much the rule, to be ready to give way to others, to sacrifice a good to ourselves only for the sake of something which shall be a good to a great many persons as well as, or instead of, ourselves, must be, as everybody indeed confesses it to be, a virtue of priceless esteem. Yet along with it there constantly grows up the sorry tare of spiritlessness; a just resignation to hard circumstance is choked by a counterfeit and most mischievous abjectness. Finally, let us conclude these hints for a list of the thousand and one species of tares, with the most poisonous and most universal of them all—the frightful weed of pharisaism, if that is the best name for a hollow self-consciousness or unjustified spiritual pride. There is no field of human excellence on which this is not likely to make its appearance, and there is hardly an excellence which it will not neutralize, if you once let it make head.

#### SENSITIVENESS.

TO be negligent of what any one thinks of you, it has been well enough said, shows you to be not only arrogant, but abandoned; but the saying applies to men rather in their private than in their public capacity. It is true only in proportion to the opportunities which the critic has of forming a judgment. A public man ought not to be thin-skinned, if he consults either his comfort or his credit. Any excess of sensitiveness obscures clearness of view, obstructs action, multiplies indefinitely the anxieties inseparable from a prominent position, and provokes attack. If it is once understood that there is no such thing as getting a rise out of a man, he is let alone. It would be well if Mr. Gladstone were invested with the defensive armour of a little phlegm; but, on the contrary, custom, which deadens most sensation, seems only to quicken his; he grows more and more like Hume's portrait of Rousseau, "a skinned man among furze bushes." So at least we judge from the passage in his Chapter of Autobiography which tells the effect that an electioneering placard had on his nervous system. It was a placard, it will be remembered, issued at the Berwick election, in which the writer, by way of showing his sense of Mr. Gladstone's political inconsistency, proposed to leave this "would-be demagogue gibbeted and swinging in the winds of the fool's paradise," an object of derision and contempt. For ourselves, we did not clearly see our way through the part about the "winds of the fool's paradise." We waited to understand before we were horrified; but Mr. Gladstone seems to have mastered the difficulty, for he exclaims, "It freezes the blood, in moments of retirement and reflection, for a man to think that he can have presented a picture so hideous to the view of a fellow-creature." But did Mr. Gladstone really suppose that the author of the placard meant what he said—that he had any picture at all in his eye, any definite image? We could fancy nobody more astonished than the inditer of this fine but somewhat stale piece of rhetoric at the stab he had inflicted, and so it proves. The author of the placard, elate at his unexpected good fortune, hastens to avow himself. "Nobody," writes Captain Hans Busk, "can appreciate better than Mr. Gladstone the licence usually accorded and freely exer-

cised in speeches, squibs, and handbills, during the period of an election; and if he considers that that licence has been exceeded in the instance he refers to, I can but assure him that I heartily regret the circumstance." Captain Hans Busk himself had clearly seen nothing in it. After reading the author's apology and justification, we can only console Mr. Gladstone with the consideration that, if he must present this "hideous picture" to the imagination of any fellow-creature, that fellow-creature may as well be Captain Hans Busk as anybody else.

Nothing could show more emphatically Mr. Gladstone's excess of sensitiveness above the British emotional average than this recoil from the most familiar of all associations—as a mere figure of speech we mean—the neck and the halter. Our criticism on the objectionable passage, as far as we can follow it, is, that it is an anachronism. Since the recent change in our laws the world has lost a right to its favourite joke. Like Acres' damns, the gallows have had their day. Hitherto there is nobody but can compare with Mr. Gladstone's shudderings his own *sang froid* under some touch of the same trial, whether in the form of a prophecy suggested by the delinquencies of childhood or as expressive of his deserts in later life. There are people who can only criticize character by the aid of this figure of speech, who use it as the one resource for clearing the ground of persons and opinions they don't like. It is "hang him" in impatience at every annoyance, whether aggressive or obstructive; while for more deliberate judgment on actors in things moral, political, or literary, "the sooner that fellow is hanged the better" is an exhaustive verdict, disposing of the question—the man and his work—in the only satisfactory way. And this doom may be understood literally or figuratively, according to the mood of speaker or hearer—jocular or ferocious, as people choose to take it. The world has generally agreed not to take a serious view of such allusions—as, for instance, where Charles Lamb reminds married persons insolent over his bachelorhood what sometimes becomes of their offspring, or where Cobbett discerned in people he did not like necks made to be stretched. In fact, the joke always tells. So it has done since Shakespeare's time, as doubtless it did long before. The world has been of one mind with the gravedigger, "I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows is well!" Not one of Walter Scott's heroes is too fine a gentleman for this contingency not to be suggested for him. It is part of a fine stalwart form that it shows a "lang craig for the gibbet." Rob Roy and the Baillie play round the idea with the relish of our pamphleteer. "Well, cousin, ye'll wear black at my burial," says the freebooter. "De'il a black coat will be there, Robin, but the corbies and the hoodie crows," is the ready rejoinder, and the repartee is appreciated. We really begin to think Mr. Gladstone was hard on his assailant, who has strung up his reputation in such good company. But over-sensitiveness must take everything personal in a tragic light, reversing the turn of English humour which evades, by some sleight of touch, the serious side of things, and contrives to detect something easy, familiar, and available for its purposes in every human transaction. It is not always necessary to realize the purport of our words to the mind's eye. When we "hang in suspense" it is not essential that we should picture the idiom to the apprehension. Perhaps acute sensitiveness is incompatible with humour. To enjoy a joke there must be ease of mind, and the over-susceptible are never in this frame. No one takes a joke against himself with a good grace who cannot serenely stand apart and survey himself as a third person. A cool, disengaged understanding shows a man the sort of things which the outside world will say of him and his conduct under peculiar circumstances. Our too sensitive statesman must have known that he was offending some persons' notions of consistency, to say the least of it. He must also have been aware that consistency is the one supreme moral and intellectual merit with people who don't trouble themselves about thinking; a notion which Mr. Gladstone's rapid progress in opinion would certainly shock and outrage. He might, therefore, have foreseen that strong things would be said, and when these strong things were to be spoken from a hustings and to a mob, or posted on dead walls for popular reading, it was a moral certainty that something would come out about swinging and gibbeting. These images still perform their old part of levellers, which has much to do with their popularity.

But leaving public life, where a panoply of phlegm is the first essential to comfort, as well as to entire efficiency, we believe that sensitiveness, whenever it is a characteristic, implies self-mistrust. Let a man once have absolute confidence in his line, whether in thought or action, and he smiles at attack. He is not wounded by the charge of inconsistency, unless there lurks an unacknowledged fear of there being something in it after all. De Quincey attributes to all men of genius the characteristic of tremulous sensibilities, while the highest talent is often below the ordinary standard of feeling; and this probably because talent can reach its ideal, while genius is but rarely satisfied with its performance. However lofty and aspiring may be the self-estimate, it is checked by misgivings, which an adverse voice can deepen into depression and temporary despair. There is no doubt that authors, as a tribe, are sensitive in an excessive degree, and this because there is no standard of capability but success—none, that is, that can be confidently appealed to. Whenever a man is really his own critic and judge, there is no morbid flinching from others' plain-speaking. Thus defended, Wordsworth calmly held his own against ridicule, and Southey maintained confidence in his *Madoc*, which nobody could read. With him it was always the poem "that unquestionably would stand and flourish." It

may be observed that the sensitiveness of authors thrills most keenly at the verdict of strangers. A man who can listen to the unfavourable judgment of the most competent of his friends—anybody, indeed, whom he knows—because he still holds himself the better man, will lose his right reason under the adverse criticism of an unknown pen; it will assume to his shuddering imagination the hangman's office, himself the victim under the mocking stare of the world of readers. We have heard of a man taking to his bed for six weeks after an unfavourable critique of his poems, which could never have happened if he had sincerely believed in his own verses. In the case of such morbid spirits, the press is ever reviving in a degree—a faint degree, we trust—the old wonder:—

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Of course the same self-mistrust is to be detected in all persons who are very sensitive to ridicule. It is wise on this account to have all our surroundings as correct and according to precedent as we can manage to make them. When nothing in circumstances or in the outer man is open to exception, all people are more self-possessed in mind and manner. No one cares about being laughed at where he is sure of his ground. And here, again, we note the unreasonableness of a morbid sentiment. Men commonly dread ridicule in proportion as it need not really affect them. They can stand, and indeed brave, the laugh of acquaintance and belongings, while the sneers of people whom they don't know, and never will know, can inflict an exquisite sting. In questions of conduct, for a like reason, some people are preposterously sensitive to criticism. The faintest hint of disapproval, or even difference of opinion, produces a little frenzy of blustering self-assertion, through which it is not difficult to detect the white feather of self-mistrust. The girl who, in quivering indignation, thrusts into the fire a letter of advice against an injudicious marriage, tells herself that she is avenging an impertinence, but at the bottom there is a doubt of her own prudence and of her lover's worth.

The sensitiveness of all vehement characters may be regarded as a set-off against the annoyances they cause to their cooler neighbours. They are furiously sensitive to blame from others, but they are also acutely sensitive to the reproaches of conscience. Compunction and remorse show very tragically on these people. The same temper that betrays them into outrages ensures an equivalent severity of expiation. As typical examples of self-abasement, they shame our colder natures until we are reconciled to ourselves by the consideration that, if we do not repent in their sackcloth, neither do we fall with such precipitation into their errors. Sir William Napier was one of these vehement spirits; "an error on his part became an agony." Finding, when too late, that he had rashly damaged a brave man's reputation, he might be seen to throw himself on the ground bathed in tears. There is an opposite temper, timid and slow, where sensitiveness acts as a paralysing; there are people upon whom blame tells so much more acutely than praise that one rude critic can silence voice or pen, and check a career. If one or two hiss, it is no matter who claps. If one man yawns and looks at his watch, general attention goes for nothing. If one ear detects a false note, the delight of the crowd gives no pleasure.

While the world in general cannot be said to err in this direction, there are few persons, perhaps, to whom the quiverings of ultra-sensitiveness are unknown as a temporary experience. And it is well to have thus learnt sympathy for natures with which this is a normal condition. People have inevitably to bear so much from one another, owing to defective perception, that any teaching which shall give us an insight into these touchy sensibilities is well earned even at the expense of some pain, and, what may seem worse in the retrospect, some follies and absurdities. The really sensitive organization is a revelation to the observer in quite a distinct sense from ordinary physiognomies; a veil is removed; the mobile mouth, with its infinite play, its variations, fluctuations, quivering self-betrays, is in itself a lesson, a study, an educator. Through whatever indications it may be read, this temper has a use in teaching caution and refinement to minds of less delicacy than good nature. The world more commonly causes pain through blundering than from intention. Men, like boys, are often cruel because they see the fun solely from their own point of view. And if a smile is now and then irresistible when our intellectual Samsons make sport for us modern Philistines, we should remember that ultra-sensitiveness is an evil incident to fine powers; and, in its more conspicuous examples, it is very commonly the result of an undue intellectual strain from which the mass of mankind are in little danger, and of a perpetual tension of the faculties of which they certainly know nothing.

#### THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS.

WHENEVER it chances that English missionary zeal comes into such direct collision with native heathen feeling that a hostile outbreak is the consequence, the case is certain to be prejudged over a large surface of English opinion. The whole missionary world, from its "philadelphic" centre in the Strand to its remotest village association, will at once accept and promulgate the canon that Brother So and So's views must needs be entirely right, for was he not accepted by the committee at home?—and that the poor benighted heathen must be hopelessly in the wrong,

or where would be the need of sending missionaries to him? And the more profane world finds in the general term of "nigger" too convenient a way of escape from all geographical and ethnological subtleties to make invidious distinctions between the civilized dwellers in what the *Times* was pleased the other day to describe as "Oriental latitudes," and the savages of Central Africa or the Pacific. The Englishman is of course in the right as against the "nigger," who, equally of course, is in the wrong. Any speaker or writer who should urge that there may be something, after all, to say on the heathen side of the question, would at best be regarded as holding a brief in the character of *advocatus diaboli*, and would be sure among the zealots of the religious world to find "the scorner's chair" brought to the front of the platform for his especial occupation. It would require a more than ordinary amount of nerve to stand up before the compact feminine phalanx of a May meeting for the purpose of uttering a word in mitigation of sentence, or even of hinting at the possibility of extenuating circumstances, in the case, to take an instance now some few years past, of the South Sea Islanders, who were known to have killed, and suspected also to have eaten, a Nonconformist missionary. The majesty of British power, in the person of the naval officer in command at the nearest station, was instantly invoked to avenge the wrong; and he, if he had followed the venerable traditions of the service, would merely have been under the necessity of landing on some island in the neighbourhood—the right one if possible—and burning the first village he came to. But the officer in this instance was not satisfied with traditions and precedents, and took the trouble to make a careful inquiry into the circumstances of the affair. The actual murderer was discovered, and very properly hanged; but it was found impossible to withhold some amount of sympathy from the islanders, against whom the missionary, disappointed at the apparent want of success attending his labours, had not long before been vehemently denouncing the wrath of the Great Spirit. A French vessel at the time, being in want of a pilot, had obtained one from the island, and proved to have some disease—measles, if we remember rightly—on board, which the pilot took home with him, and which spread over the island with frightful and fatal rapidity. The poor islanders saw in the calamity the fulfilment of the white man's curse, and in the simplicity of their ignorance they sought to remove it by removing its author, whose own indiscreet zeal had thus indirectly brought about the catastrophe. The recent collision between the teaching of European missionaries and the popular feeling in China has happily led to no such tragical consequences, and has called for no such severe reprisals; but it is probable that any attempt to fix on the missionaries the slightest blame for indiscretion in their method of dealing with a firmly-rooted popular sentiment, or any intimation of an opinion that beneath that sentiment there may be a truth which commands the deepest respect and veneration of civilized society, would be set down as the most dangerous latitudinarianism, if not as rank infidelity. It is not, therefore, without some misgivings lest we should afford an occasion to writers of the *Record* school to prophesy out of their own hearts against us in their too familiar style, that we express our belief that the devotion of the Chinese to the spirits of their ancestors, which has been the immediate cause of offence between the missionaries and the population, is a question which the highest and most enlightened Christian teaching would approach with the deepest tenderness and the most profound respect.

In an account of the rite of ancestor-worship as now practised in China, contained in a recent number of a religious periodical, the writer, while evidently regarding it as the darkest of superstitions, has yet related the details with great fairness and candour, and has given a description of this national devotion which, allowing for some quaintness of ornament and accessories, is very touching in its simple beauty. If it be allowable to clear the question from the issues of controversial theology which it indirectly raises, it may be maintained that in the principle of ancestor-worship there is found a common bond of religious sentiment between the elaborate, though differing and almost independent, civilizations of the extremes of East and West. Throughout the greater part of Christendom the devout and tender associations which gather round the Saints of the Church, and the cultus paid to them, present an exact parallel to the reverence of a Chinese gentleman before the tomb or the shrine of his ancestors; and the charge of superstition, or of such admixture of superstition as may accompany the act in either case, will apply equally to both; while it would be unfair to deny the existence of an element of true religious sentiment in the one, which all except the very narrowest of partisans will allow to exist in the other. And, of the two cases, the motive which animates the heathen cultus is plainly more real, more natural, and appeals more closely to a man's own feeling and experience, than that which issues in devotion to the Saints of the Eastern or Western Church. A man's family descent is nearer to him, and therefore more of a reality, than any calendar can be. To recognise our indebtedness to minds or to examples of other ages in a sphere entirely independent of ourselves as far as external relations go, requires at the least a considerable exercise of the intellectual powers; while the acknowledgment of inheritance from our parents of mental character, and of indebtedness to them for training and influence, is as obvious as that of inheritance of property or of the characteristics of physical likeness. In its origin, indeed, the very devotion paid to the Saints of the Church is that of descendants towards a spiritual ancestry, the principle



underlying the rite being the same in China as in Christendom. In the application of the principle the Oriental civilization is at least the more consistent of the two; for the Chinese ancestor-worship connects itself immediately with the memory of the living generation, while in the Christian hagiologies a long interval between the past and the present is indispensable to canonization. In other words, the worship is paid where in the one case it is inevitable, and in the other practically impossible, that there should be a recognition of personal relationship between the living and the dead generations. It would thus follow that, all questions of creed apart, whatever of reverential consideration the established practice of the larger part of Christendom may demand from those who do not conform to it, may be claimed with even a greater show of reason for the traditional worship of China. This is no doubt a claim which the missionary world will very readily allow; the process of tarring both with the same stick, and marking each in great black letters as "idolatry," being extremely simple and, in such circles, satisfactory. But then, as we are now frequently told, "we are living in unsettled times"; and there are minds for which the great No-Popery syllogism has failed to provide a solution of all questions in religious thought. Even the *Times* has lately discovered the existence of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and has expressed a wish to know more about him; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that one result of applying "the historical method" to matters of religious belief and worship will be the discovery of a clearly-marked common origin in the Commemorations and Founders-days dear to Protestantism, and the festivals of the Calendar dear to the nations both of the Eastern and Western obedience.

It is not within our province to enter into so deeply spiritual an inquiry as that belonging to the nature of prayer; it may be sufficient here to point out that the shades of thought and expression by which commemoration passes into praise, praise and contemplation into a strong aspiration on the part of the living that they may attain to the standard of the dead, and this again into prayer, are too gradual and imperceptible to be marked off by strongly defined lines. The memory of the past, and therefore of those who lived in the past, is the basis of history and is of the essence of civilization; and the Chinese gentleman who kneels before the memorial tablet of his father, in recognition "of the root of his existence," and asks of the spirit of the dead to "grant that his posterity may be illustrious," acknowledges, in outward form at least, the channels through which the historical stream has flowed on to his own time, with the gifts of external prosperity and power, and the higher blessings of intellectual progress and refinement, which it has brought with it. It is his own fault if he fails to trace to their source whatever benefits his own life, in its outward accessories or its inward energies, has derived from his fathers, or if he takes to himself the credit of being the architect of his own fortunes, and the framer of his own intellectual and moral character. And there is in the theory of this Chinese ancestor-worship—whether it be realized in practice or not is quite another matter—a distinct advantage to be gained, which European family life, except in the few cases where its members have found a place in more or less widely known history, fails to reach. For the most part, and in the majority of cases, an Englishman's great grandfather is a mere *nominis umbra* to himself. He may owe to him all the stability of character, and all the acuteness of intellect which he possesses; and yet if he has not inherited this knowledge through the traditions of the intermediate generations, he may live and die in utter ignorance of the stages by which his own life has been built up. The gentleman of China who bows at the shrine of his father, as he has seen his father in his turn do before him, has at any rate the opportunity made to his hand for transmitting to his children the record of noble lives in the immediate past and in close connexion with it. And such a "worship"—we use the term without scruple as one in common use still in the experience of country gentlemen and mayors of boroughs—of ancestors is to the full as legitimate as the familiar type of the same devotion among ourselves, while it has greater practical advantages. The Englishman's ancestral shrine, if he is not permitted to cross the privileged and more sacred threshold of the *Peerage*, is the *Landed Gentry* of Sir Bernard Burke. As regards the worshipper personally, the difference in the two instances would seem to be that the Chinese in his domestic oratory worships his ancestors in their relation to himself; while the Englishman, with his *Burke*, worships himself in his relation to his ancestors. Some modern writer has said that the average Englishman would rather trace his descent from an outlaw who was hanged under the Plantagenets than from a successful linendraper who was Lord Mayor under the Georges; and there is a good deal of truth in the epigram. We do not intend for a moment to raise the social question involved in this preference; we quote it only for the sake of the suggestion which it affords that our national theory of ancestor-worship might possibly be regarded in China with something of the same astonishment as that with which at first sight we might look upon the practice which prevails in the great Oriental Empire. Whatever may be the form of its expression at different times and by different races, the principle which leads men to take a pride in the names and memories of those who have gone before them, and to pay a religious veneration to them whether as a natural or a spiritual ancestry, is the same, and is one which belongs to the higher part of human nature. The habit of thought which merges the visible in the invisible,

and the family in the Church, has applied the principle in the worship of saints; the purely secular view which distinguishes between the world and the Church, as moving in entirely separate orbits, is represented in the heraldic honours of the family tree; while the subordination of the invisible to the visible, and the substitution of the family idea for that of the Church in the spiritual world, has its type in the singular and beautiful devotion which has recently in China given such offence to over-zealous and injudicious missionaries. Imperfect and strange as this development of religious feeling must of necessity seem to us, it reaches far more deeply into the true ground on which all hope rests in human life than the cold and barren Positivist creed which denies to the dead any separate spiritual existence, and annihilates every worthy life and deed in the past by veiling it with an unsubstantial shadow called "Humanity"; and it presents to us a borderland upon which the Oriental religions may stand together with the creeds of Christendom, and look together into the historical past as a spiritual present, not without a light shining from a higher sphere on both, and a higher harmony uniting the voices of both in obedience to the precept—itsself belonging to a borderland of religious thought—"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us." And it may be a question worthy of some consideration whether freedom from any taint of Oriental or mediæval superstitions in our relation to the dead is altogether so great a gain as men may be inclined to represent it, if they have fallen instead into the more modern habit of praising nobody except themselves.

#### YOUNG FRANCE UNDER DISCIPLINE.

AMONG the many good stories told of "Old Keate," perhaps the best is that of the boy who called on him to take leave. "You seem to know me very well," said the great Head-Master, "but I have no remembrance of ever having seen your face before." "You were better acquainted, sir, with my other end" was the unblushing reply. An amusing police case at Bordeaux shows at any rate the difficulty of making any such acquaintance in France. We own to a certain sympathy with the German philosopher who had only a fortnight to study England in, and spent it in the Thames Police Court. The life of England a hundred years ago lies rather in the *Norgate Calendar* than in the *Annual Register*, and we fancy that the true state of French society lies open for us not so much in the *Faits Divers* as in the *Bulletin Judiciaire*. At any rate the reports of the Police Court of Bordeaux give us a queer little peep into that strange chaos of clashing creeds, sentiments, tendencies which we call France under the Empire. Boy life, Jesuit life, domestic life, legal life, all stand out in epigrammatic contrast; and the boy *esprit fort*, the boy devotee, the indignant father, the acquiescent father, the dignified rector, and the penitent usher, the sceptical judge, and the more than sceptical audience, tell their different tales as variously and perhaps as picturesquely as the "half-Rome," and the "other half-Rome," the Guidos and the Pompilias of Mr. Browning's last poem. The mere fact that two words seem to have set all Bordeaux on fire becomes intelligible when we remember that the two words "flogging" and "Jesuit" embody that Old France which New France has left on the other side of the gulf of '89. In England, conscious of an "Old Keate," who flogged a duke's son or an attorney's son with the same judicial impartiality, the birch was the one great national protest for social equality. France, where the noble and the roturier divided the question of blows between them by the simple process of the one class claiming to administer, and the other submitting to receive, the whipping, it is no wonder that the plebeian epidermis has ever shown itself singularly sensitive to a return of the *ancien régime*. The abolition of the birch was one of the first exploits of the Revolution, and its restoration, in the eyes of "M. le Président" and the sympathizing audience, would certainly bring in its train the rule of the Count de Chambord and the oldest of "old parties." Hence it is that in the minds of all friends of the Revolution there exists a certain connexion between the ideas of the birch and of the Jesuits. Behind those mysterious walls which shroud the Society from Voltairian eyes, France suspects the reverend Fathers of constantly hankering after "Old Keate's" acquaintance with "the other end." And certainly the famous Bordeaux case justifies, to a certain extent, the suspicions of France.

It is time, however, to let the different groups tell their own tale, and necessarily the victims come first. Master Joseph Ségéral, of the ripe age of thirteen and a-half, seems to have waged a fierce war with a schoolfellow over a contested debt of threepence, which ended in an unfortunate accident. "Dans notre dispute je relevai brusquement le coude qui le frappe au nez et le fit saigner." The close of morning school found Master Ségéral a prisoner in a cell lighted only by a window from the corridor. The furniture must be described in Master Joseph's own picturesque words as we find them in the *procès verbal*:—"Le sol est bitume. Il n'y avait aucun siège, aucun meuble, rien qu'un vase de nuit." A crust of bread at four—he had fasted since breakfast—varied existence till the arrival of le Père Commire at ten; and with the reverend Father came "la discipline." The discipline (Keate's "birch") shrinks humbled before the grandeur of such a title) consists of "une réunion de cordes solidement tressées, qui se terminent par plusieurs brins à nœuds." The discipline proved too much for Master Ségéral, and he rushed, a little *sansculotte* for the nonce, into the bed-chamber of Père de la Judie for protection.

The bed, however, was eminently convenient for the purposes of chastisement. Master Joseph found his cries smothered in the mattress, and Father Commire finished the execution "à son gré." Obviously this Ségéral, of thirteen and a-half, is an *esprit fort* upon whom the teaching of the reverend fathers has had little effect. On the martyrs who succeed its traces are more evident. Master de Connat, who has made a similar deposition, and who has even recorded a wonderful declaration of le P. Commire—"Je suis l'exécuteur; je n'ai contre vous aucun motif de haine; mais il faut que je vous fustige"—declares the story a little exaggerated, and attributes the unfortunate rents "de mon pantalon" to the nails of a desk, "sur laquelle je m'agitais beaucoup" during the operation. Trimming such as this, however, is cast contemptuously away by Master Léon de Montfort. This remarkable boy, conscious of his fault, seems absolutely to have asked for a whipping. We take refuge in the Report:—

*Quatrième témoin.*—Léon de Montfort, âgé de treize ans et demi, élève de l'école des PP. Jésuites à Tivoli: Un jour de l'année dernière, comme je venais de commettre une faute grave, après en avoir commis un certain nombre depuis très-peu de temps, je demandai au P. Commire de me châtier en m'administrant des coups de discipline. Il a fait ce que je lui demandai, il me les a donnés. (Hilarité.)

D. Mon enfant, si ce que vous dites là est vrai, il faut avouer que vous êtes l'écuyer le plus extraordinaire, le plus singulier, le plus excentrique, non seulement de Bordeaux, mais encore peut-être du monde entier. Comment! c'est vous qui demandez à votre maître de vous administrer le fouet! c'est vous qui priez qu'on veuille bien vous fouetter!—R. Oui, Monsieur.

D. Et vous avez reçu, avez-vous dit, dans l'instruction, soixante coups de fouet?—R. Oh! ceci est bien sans doute un peu exagéré. Je ne pense pas en avoir reçu autant.

D. Enfin, quel que soit le nombre, cela vous a-t-il fait du mal?—R. Non, Monsieur.

D. Tout au contraire, sans doute. Vous en avez été très-satisfait?—R. Oui, Monsieur.

D. Je répète que vous êtes un prodigieux écuyer!

It is in vain that the insidious advocate points out the contradiction between Master Léon's latest theory of the discipline and his earlier deposition, in which he represented the reverend Father as offering, and not himself as demanding, this chastisement. The grandeur of his reply rouses the President to action:—

Dans l'instruction, votre déposition, légèrement différente de celle que vous venez de faire, quoique encore bien étonnante, serait cependant plus croyable. Vous y disiez que le P. Commire vous ayant offert de vous administrer la discipline, vous y aviez consenti. Aujourd'hui, vous renchiez là-dessus. Ce n'est plus le P. Commire qui vous a offert, c'est vous qui avez demandé. Je dois dire que votre première version est conforme, et non pas celle d'aujourd'hui, à la déclaration du P. Commire.—R. Monsieur le président, qui accepte, demande! (Mouvement très-marqué dans l'auditoire.)

M. le Président: Qui accepte, demande! dites-vous. C'est là, mon enfant, une singulière maxime, et que ne vous a pas suggérée une connaissance loyale du sens des mots. A moins d'avoir les notions perverses qu'on d'être le dernier de votre classe en synonymie, vous devez savoir qu'accepter n'est pas du tout la même chose que demander. Par conséquent, en disant l'un pour l'autre, vous ne dites pas du tout la vérité.

Master Léon was, indeed, far from telling the whole truth. If Père de la Judie is to be believed, he is a child of a far more extraordinary nature than even the astonished advocate could have imagined. "C'est un enfant très-singulier, très-extraordinaire. Il lui arrivera, par exemple, au réfectoire, à l'étude, au milieu du silence, d'entonner la préface de la Messe, ou la Kyrie Eleison. Sa nature ne se peut comparer à aucune autre." We sincerely trust not. But the figure was wanted to complete the picture. A boy like this, after all, is the "Young France" which the reverend fathers can do something with. He has in him the makings of a fine enthusiast, although his spontaneous outbursts at the dinner-table are a little inconvenient in his earlier years. And it is an enthusiasm which will never forget the bounds of a dexterous prudence. Suarez himself could not have excelled that "M. le Président, qui accepte, demande!"

The President, however, only comes into full play when the parents make their appearance. He conducts a running fight with an old naval officer, M. de Longat, whose theories about corporal punishment are utterly at variance with the theories of '89. It is in vain that the President condemns, in the name of the law, parents who "abuse their authority and their strength to rage cruelly against a being weaker than themselves," that he declares that fathers have no right to beat their children, still less to delegate such a right to others. M. de Longat takes his stand upon facts, and the facts are certainly telling. "I prefer that my son should be whipped at twelve, than that he should be a scoundrel at thirty." We can hardly wonder that such a perfectly illogical mode of treating the question rouses the indignation of the Court:—

M. le Président.—Mais admettriez-vous donc, Monsieur, qu'on eût agi envers votre fils comme on l'a fait envers le jeune Ségéral; que l'on eût déchiré sa chemise, étouffé ses cris et blessé ses reins et ses cuisses?—R. Oui, Monsieur, s'il l'avait mérité.

M. le Président.—Allons, Monsieur, vous vous croyez encore à votre bord! Ce sont là des traitements que l'on emploie vis-à-vis des colliers ou des mouses!

Madame de Longat is as unreasonable as the naval officer himself. Had her boy received the whipping which his "ardent imagination" has depicted, he would certainly have told her of it. "Mais, Madame," remonstrates the Advocate—

votre fils disait avoir été frappé à un endroit qui ne se voit pas au parloir. Vous auriez pu ignorer cette correction qu'il aurait subie, et que, par un sentiment facile à comprendre, il vous aurait cachée?—R. Monsieur, mon fils me dit tout. Il ne m'a jamais dit cela.

The Court is naturally astonished by the extreme want of deli-

cacy evidenced in such relations between a mother and a boy of thirteen, and deals with Madame accordingly:—

M. le Président.—Vous ne voulez assurément pas dire, Madame, que si ses maîtres l'eussent mis en sang, eussent déchiré sa chemise, étouffé ses plaintes, vous auriez approuvé cela?—N. Non, Monsieur; mais...

M. le Président.—Cela suffit, Madame. Il n'y a pas un cœur de mère qui pût faire une autre réponse.

If the Court, however, had its own embarrassments in dealing with illogical parents, it had none in dealing with the reverend fathers themselves. No beings were ever more unlike the conventional Jesuits of Exeter Hall or M. Eugène Sue than these Jesuits of Bordeaux. Their answers give one the notion of extremely stupid people thrown into a great fright. They are marvellously humble, and they are marvellously evasive, but their humility is the humility of schoolboys before a thrashing, and their evasions are simply transparent and silly. The rector declares he knows nothing about the discipline, and that these whippings, which the evidence proves to have been pretty frequent, were absolutely contrary to the rules of the Society. P. de la Judie denies having authorized the correction; he had only turned his back and gone on with his writing while the boy was whipped on his bed. Father Commire plays with admirable resignation the part of scapegoat; he has acted on his own impulse, without orders from his superior—"pour une correction de ce genre, la hiérarchie n'existe pas." Nothing can be clearer than that corporal punishment was the regular system of the school, but not one of the fathers will admit it; and, instead of boldly facing the question on the ground of common sense, they plunge into a series of distinctions, evasions, and retractions which are certainly not calculated to raise the general estimate of their veracity. We certainly do not coincide with the verdict which doomed the two reverend gentlemen to ten days' imprisonment and a fine of 300 francs for whipping a boy who fairly deserved a whipping; but the solitary hours of detention may be spent profitably enough by Fathers Commire and La Judie in considering whether a system that produces a sense of truth such as their own, and a fine religious fervour like the boy De Montfort's, is precisely a system adapted to convert "Young France."

#### MONEY-LENDERS AND UNDERGRADUATES.

THERE is something quite touching about the fresh enthusiasm with which certain classes of Englishmen appeal for aid to the newspapers. It strikes somebody all of a sudden that there is more pauperism than there ought to be, or that people marry with less prudence than is compatible with a due regard to Malthusian principles, or that the clergy don't find something new and startling to say every Sunday about the most well-worn of all topics of human discussion. Apparently his first impression is that the existence of the evil, whatever it may be, has never been remarked by any other human being. Accordingly he rushes off to announce it with the eagerness of an astronomer discovering a new planet, or a traveller who has found a new route through a previously unknown district. He labours for the most part under the conviction that, as soon as his marvellous discovery has been proclaimed, a crowd of imitators will rush up and call him blessed; and, singular as it seems, he is generally not far wrong in his anticipation, especially if he happens to hit upon his discovery in some season when very little is going on. But, what is even stranger, he appears to cherish the comfortable faith—at least he always professes that faith to the newspaper of his confidence—that as soon as his discovery is announced a change will take place in human nature, that paupers will suddenly become solvent, that people about to marry will become prudent, and that sermons will for the future be entertaining. No amount of failure seems to damp this enthusiasm; and consequently there are certain venerable cries which are taken up at intervals of a few months, which swell the columns of newspapers for a few days or weeks, and which are then dismissed to slumber again in peace until some new inquirer hits once more upon the obvious truism which, if we might judge from the enthusiasm which it evokes at each re-appearance, might have been unnoticed from the creation of the world to the day in which it is taken up by the press. The advantages which this singular delusion confers upon the editors of newspapers are too obvious to need comment. Indeed, if the public were not on the whole a very simple and confiding public, the task of those useful functionaries would be much more troublesome than is actually the case.

Such, at least, is our only mode of accounting for a phenomenon of which a letter which recently appeared in the *Times* affords an excellent illustration. It seems to have suddenly occurred to a gentleman that the practice of lending money to thoughtless young men is one which leads to great evils. He was very naturally led to this remark by a circular which had been sent to two of his sons at Cambridge. He did not reflect, or did not care for the fact, that the same remark had been made by the authors of a good many novels, satires, and essays upon social subjects, during the present and several preceding generations. He accordingly wrote a very proper letter to the *Times*, enclosing the circular in question, and the very satisfactory letter which he had sent in reply. He had had the satisfaction of informing the would-be usurer that, if the law were in a proper state, the said usurer would be whipped through the town at the cart's tail. This is the kind of remark which always gives unqualified satisfaction



to its author. The only drawback to the pleasure of telling a man in the plainest possible terms that you consider him to be a dirty scoundrel, is the difficulty of confiding your opinion to the world at large. It is exquisitely pleasant to pull a man's nose, or to administer a hearty and concentrated kick to an ignominious part of his person. If you can only do it in the presence of a good many thousand people, with the perfect confidence that they will very much applaud what you have done, there are perhaps few purer pleasures which fall to the lot of poor humanity. This is substantially the satisfaction derived from insulting a money-lender in the columns of the *Times*; and though we may be somewhat sceptical as to the permanent advantage likely to result to the morals of the community, and may even doubt whether the incidental advertisement is not likely to be more effectual than the high moral indignation, we fully sympathize with the delight of the indignant parent. At any rate, whether useful or otherwise, the *Times* published the letter, and followed it up by some sensible comments. It may be doubtful whether at this precise season, with the Irish Church, and Vote by Ballot, and East London distress, and various other topics looming in the distance, any large share of public attention will be gained for the discussion. It is a pity that the money-lender did not write about the beginning of August. A few passing remarks, however, may be bestowed upon the subject.

It is a painfully obvious truth that it is a very bad thing for young men to get into the habit of borrowing money at exorbitant rates of interest. Whether a sound political economy would approve of repressing the practice by whipping the extortioners through the town at the cart's tail, is a more difficult question. The practice of drawing the teeth of Jews, so extensively practised in the middle ages according to historical novelists, is not supposed to have made them more reasonable in their demands, nor to have materially diminished their business. There is a *prima facie* objection against all such regulations, as being more likely to raise the rate of interest than to diminish the objectionable practice. We have only to ask whether the position of undergraduates is so exceptional that any special measures should be adopted for their protection. Are they to be considered as children likely to be improved by a parental supervision, or as men who must learn, like other men, something by advice and a good deal by experience? An undergraduate is, we know, apt to be a very silly and thoughtless creature. He is in the occasional habit, as we learn from legal proceedings, of launching out into the most foolish expenditure; he orders illustrated Bibles costing fifty guineas, in order to get a troublesome tradesman out of his rooms; he incurs debts for jewellery equal to a year's income of his father's living; and it is not surprising if he sometimes borrows money on terms which imply that he will repay the capital two or three times over and then owe as much as before. Amongst the three thousand or more young men at Oxford and Cambridge, it is perhaps probable that there are some few who are playing these follies once more. Parents or guardians who have the misfortune to be connected with lads of this happy genius for expenditure are to be excused if they cry out for stricter supervision and feel a certain itching in their palms for the handle of a cat-o'-nine tails. Perhaps they regret that some such instrument was not previously applied more freely to their interesting charge, and would be glad to pay off capital and interest of the overdue debt of lashes on the back of the usurer, that he may do vicarious penance.

Thoughtless, however, as undergraduates may be—and certainly no one will believe that they are distinguished by an excessive development of the reflective powers—we think that the frequency of the evil may be easily exaggerated. When a case appears in the Bankruptcy Court, or a tradesman brings an action for recovering some preposterous debt, there is a fine opportunity for the display of virtuous indignation. There is an article or two in the daily papers; the foolish youth and the designing creditor are vigorously denounced, and the outside public fancies that undergraduates generally are pampered in aristocratic hotbeds of luxury to the practice of reckless extravagance. We believe, however, that experienced persons will agree that these cases are very exceptional. It is true that many undergraduates are apt to be too luxurious; they spend more money on entertainments or on dress than they ought, and they leave the University with debts which are an annoyance to themselves or their parents. The whole tone of the place is perhaps too favourable to the luxurious easy-going student, and too discouraging to the virtues of frugality and hard work. But we do not believe that usurers reap any large profit from their efforts to corrupt ingenuous youth. A large proportion of undergraduates, if not particularly sensible, have a certain timidity about money matters. They know very well what is meant by the process of going to the dogs, and are quite aware of the initial steps which conduct to that consummation. If the tutors do their duty as well as is usually the case, they soon discover the fact, when a youth is unduly extravagant, and are able to back up their own by parental authority. Youthful taste is generally in the direction of ostentatious modes of expenditure, and the authorities are only too glad to dismiss the rising spendthrift from their walls if they cannot put some other check upon his extravagance. The sinners who bring discredit upon the place are generally of two classes. They are sometimes lads who have unluckily become prematurely masters of a fortune which they fancy to be endless, and think that they may incur unlimited debts because they have independent means of greater amount than the allowances of their companions. If they have any sense, they learn prudence after the precedent of Pemmennis, at the ex-

pense of some slice of their property, or they may develop a taste for gambling or the Turf, which brings them to ultimate ruin. The position is certainly a dangerous one, and would be so under any regulations; but we doubt whether the power of borrowing money at exorbitant rates is likely to increase the danger materially. That resource comes later, after the wasteful habits have become settled. The other class of which we speak is that of the ingenuous youths who seem to be predestined scamps. There is always a certain number of young men in whose faces we may read the decree of destiny, that they will sooner or later become billiard markers, blacklegs, enlist in the Zouaves, or in some other way descend to the bottom of the social scale. The only way to deal with them is to get rid of them as speedily as possible. If some share in their ruin goes to the usurers, we are sorry for it, because we grudge any plunder to such pests of society; but it probably only shortens an inevitable process. The margin of weak, though really well-meaning, young men at the Universities who are seduced to destruction by the wiles of money-lenders we believe to be very small, though perhaps it is to be regretted that any such should burn their fingers at all sensibly.

In short, the utmost that could be done by the cart's-tail process would be very trifling. Young men at the University are necessarily exposed to many temptations, and it is part of the theory of the place that they should be exposed to temptation. There are more detestable scoundrels than even the money-lending attorneys. The quack advertisements prove the existence of a class of loathsome parasites upon society, whom we should not wish to see at the cart's-tail only because such a punishment would be infinitely too good for them; and their existence proves sufficiently the existence of vices which are really a much greater evil than simple extravagance in money. Every one knows that the mere discipline of the University can do very little to repress the evils of immorality. Young men enjoying the freedom which is essential to University life are constantly liable to dangers which cannot be eradicated by any rules enforced by authority. The discipline indeed may be far from useless, if only as preserving a certain degree of decency; but any substantial improvement must come from the slower action of moral influences. In the same way, tutors who enjoy the respect of their pupils can do much to raise the tone of their pupils in regard to money matters. They can bring into discredit the snobbish public opinion—for young men are quite as capable of being snobs as their elders—which frequently tends to encourage absurd expenditure, without much help from sumptuary laws; and, above all, they can get rid of those who set the worst example, and act as centres of corrupting influence. Any one who knows the Universities will feel that there is plenty of room for improvement in these respects. But, compared with such influences, the effect of the cart's-tail would be infinitesimal. It might force the tempter to adopt rather more roundabout and dirty channels for approaching his prey, but the small number who fall to his arts at present would manage to find their way to him in spite of any practicable regulations, and would perhaps get into rather deeper mud than before. The evil arising from similar practices in the public offices has been very properly met by the Treasury minute announcing rules for the punishment of persons becoming embarrassed or being parties to accommodation bills. A clerk in an office or a subaltern in the army is more independent, and is in an atmosphere more favourable to extravagance, than an undergraduate; and the rules suggested are likely to be beneficial to the Civil Service as well as to the servants, or, as the Treasury is pleased to call them after the manner of haberdashers, *employés*, themselves. It is plainly right that the public should insist upon certain tests of respectability in the case of those to whom it is paying salaries, and should provide them with special motives for prudence and good conduct, as they are in a position of responsibility and temptation. But we are of opinion that the existing machinery is quite sufficient in the case of the Universities if, as we believe to be the case, it is used with proper energy and care.

#### DOCTOR POSITIVUS.

AN indictment against the whole human race is not likely to be a very short document. The history of human folly and error in one hundred volumes folio, which Lord Lytton makes his hero to have projected, could not be much more elaborate than the confutation of every conviction and conclusion, every religious and moral system, every philosophy of life, every chart and scale of truth hitherto accepted by mankind, which we have lately received from a body of reformers constituted at New York. "The First Positivist Society of New York, Box No. 6,055, N.Y. Post Office," have addressed themselves *ubi et ubi*, or rather to the Kosmos generally, with a creed in full. And very full indeed it is. It settles, on principles firm as Tenebriffe or Atlas, these little matters—"a Scientific Religion; the Dynamic Theory of the Universe; Time and Space Explained; Force and Its Changes to account for all Phenomena; and a New System of Morals." Twelve columns of the *New York World* are, after all, a narrow canvass on which to display this gigantic procession of new truths. Considering that the advocate of the human race, Anacharsis Cloots, confined himself and his sublime mission to the scanty purpose of redressing social and political disorders, the regenerators of humanity have been moderate in compressing into forty articles and an appendix the

credenda of the new gospel, which, as their prophets say, "taken together, cover the whole of human activity, thought, and emotion, and place life, progress, and reform upon a solid basis." Forty Stripes, save one, is the burden laid upon our shoulders by a bigoted State Church, but the XXXIX Articles themselves are but tow and packthread to the forty stern decrees which have been fulminated to the world from Box No. 6,055. Doctor Positivus at New York cannot be said to be brief, but he is emphatic; and, all things considered, seeing that he has only to prove that every religion which ever has existed is sheer nonsense, every system of morals hitherto taught and practised a mere illusion and snare, and every philosophy nothing better than fumbling and stumbling in the dark, forty articles which not only destroy all that the world has ever believed in and held sacred, but also reveal all truth, and settle every doubt and difficulty which ever has been or can be, form, we repeat, a very brief and portable manual.

*Dixit* of course goes before *ædificat*, and before the New York Positivists build up their new world they must get rid of the old one. And a very clean sweep, indeed, they make of it; the besom of destruction is plied by a strong and willing hand. We prefer to let the iconoclasts enumerate the idols which they have shattered:—"It is no longer possible for an honest inquirer to accept as true any of the prevalent religions. . . . The great need of our age is a thorough and entire change of all human thoughts, feelings, hopes, and interests, from the ancient theological subjective and illusory suppositions of Hebrew and Christian mythology to the modern, objective, practical, and positive conclusions, provisions, and rewards of science." A pleonastic enumeration of the effete human hopes and interests which are got rid of is given, and we are asked with a grim and sarcastic air of triumph to attend to the results of "the inevitable creed of the new Faith. It sweeps at once into the limbo of vacuity all notions and hopes that the mass of our race from its earliest history has hitherto rested upon as they passed from the womb to the grave. We find ourselves in a new world." Very new indeed, and without much to fill it; for it is asked, "Where under this view are 'creation,' 'end of the world,' 'personal gods,' or 'God,' 'the immortal spirit' or 'soul' of man, the 'heaven,' 'hell,' 'devil,' 'sin,' 'repentance,' 'resurrection' . . . and the 'feelings' that have led and held man upward. All these vanish." M. Auguste Comte surveys the world despoiled of "all human thoughts, feelings, hopes, and interests." He has blotted out from the firmament "all notions and hopes" which have hitherto lighted the path of humanity, and which as a fact, whether true or false, have made man to be what man is, and he stands in a universe ghastly as the lunar sphere, in which there is neither God nor spirit. Doctor Positivus assuring us that immortality, any notion of Deity, any recognition of the soul, or any conception of sin, repentance, and judgment to come, are consigned for ever to the limbo of vacuity, we run to the New York Post Office, Box No. 6,055, to discover what this very New World is peopled with and does consist of. At first the inquiry seemed rather superfluous; for the New York Positivists boast that the great end at which they have arrived is simply the Buddhist Nirwana, only "a Nirwana more complete and real." But there is a real distinction between the Buddhist and the Positivist absorption. It has been doubted whether the Buddhist Nirwana is absolute nihilism; at any rate the New York reformers, whether correctly or not, treat the Oriental absorption as passing into the infinite and eternal, while to themselves there is no infinite and no eternal; and with this Positivist, nihilism, if we understand it, which we have a shrewd suspicion that we do not, there is no anything except that everything which is nought, and that transcendental nought which is everything. But we shall be told that with the Positivist there is something, though we are by no means certain that "thing" is an orthodox word in the new Faith.

This thing is Force: Force is the sole reality. "The real secret of life and growth is the play of force, called Osmosis, *i.e.*, filtration." This is the new Gospel; and we are thankful to get it in its most condensed and elementary form. All religious hopes and fears, human interests and duties, being got rid of, we stand face to face with the one solid incontrovertible truth, majestic in its simplicity and power—"Osmosis, *i.e.*, filtration." We do not find from the dictionaries that Osmosis, if it is taken from *ὄσμος*, means filtration at all, but is simply a formation from *ὄσμος*, *trudo*, but the creator of a new word has a perfect right to make his own Greek. Osmosis then is the new Gospel; or rather everything is Osmosis. We are Osmosis. God, if there be a God, which there is not—man, only he is an aggregate of cells—the human will, but this is only a succession of cellular vibrations—all are Osmosis. This brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof, fretted with golden fires—this piece of work noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in form and moving express and admirable, in action angelic, in apprehension godlike, this beauty of the world, this paragon of animals, this quintessence and microcosm—this Man is only Osmosis. Immortality, the life that is to be, all hopes, all passions, all desires, fears, aspirations, all duty, all sensation, reflection, memory, and will, all that ever has been, is, and is to be, things material and spiritual, human and divine, are Osmosis. So all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried, Great is Osmosis of the Positivists.

Archimedes could have moved the world had he been sure of his standpoint, as newspaper writers say, of his leverage; and the Positivists, as they are all for the religion of science, must accept this among other dynamical laws. Before we affirm or

deny their power to upset the present Kosmos, we may make some inquiries about their leverage. Osmosis is their answer; but when we come to look into it, this Osmosis on their own showing—Osmosis, *i.e.*, filtration—depends upon settling a point which is a moot point between Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Osmosis is not only a theory, but is a theory made to account for facts which, whether they exist or not, is a question upon which these distinguished physicists are at issue. Is it Pangenesis or Physiological Units? As to Pangenesis, if we remember rightly, Mr. Darwin suggested it, and tentatively, only as a new theory; while as to the doctrine of Physiological Units, we should be surprised to be told that Mr. Spencer's conclusions have been accepted by the scientific world. Neither Pangenesis nor Physiological Units, then, being proved, the New York Positivists base their doctrine of Osmosis—that is, settle the problem of life—upon principles of the existence of which even the authors of certain speculations on this subject have not satisfied themselves. And further, they do not get even so far as the alternative between Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer for the basis of their new faith; for these apostles, after accepting and doubting with the same breath the revelations which those whom they deem to be authorities are not clear about, propose a third hypothesis called Cellular Genesis for their doctrine of Osmosis, which must have been developed by the inner consciousness of Box No. 6,055.

As far as we can make it out, the theory of the Universe and all that it contains, and the secret of Being, according to Doctor Positivus, is this. There exists first a cell; then force. How the cell came to be a cell, or how force came to be, or what might be meant by the self-existence of force, or whether force is eternal, we are not told. Force acts on cell for ever and ever, if there is such a thing as ever and ever. Force is in constant circulation; force vibrating through cells produces life, emotions, feelings, growth, habit, affinities, and what you like. What used to be called the will, or the passions, or the soul, is only force playing more quickly or more slowly through the cells of the tissues; hence the variations in this play or vibration of force produce different results. What used to be called evil thoughts, said to proceed out of the heart—murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, which defile a man—are only vibrations acting on the cellular tissue not so well, we suppose, as they ought to act. But whether well or ill ought scientifically to be predicated of any action of force on a cell, in this system in which "sin" has no place, may be questioned. On the other hand, what used to be called virtues are only another and more harmonious set of vibrations. The character of all human actions therefore is subordinate to the dynamical law of correlation; and Osmosis accounts for everything. But Osmosis, having no choice, can dictate no choice; and therefore, which is the practical matter, responsibility has no place in the new Church and World of the Future, which at present is confined to the aforesaid Box No. 6,055. It is, we fear, but poor work, after explaining with such clearness as we could compass this Gospel of Osmosis, to point out that the New York Doctor Positivus does not hold out an encouraging view of the proposed working of his system. Rewards and punishments in the next world we have of course got rid of, because there is no next world; but as far as this world, regenerated under Osmosis, is concerned, and in the political conditions to which it is to be subjected, the only penalty which it is proposed to enforce in the filtrated Utopia is one for bringing into the world too many children. Property, capital, and political economy are at once to cease. "Every woman must have the privilege of bearing children; if no permanent relation can be formed, she may select one temporarily." The apostles of the religion of humanity have banished the Creator from His works; they have destroyed the filial relation between man and his Maker; they have deposed the ruler and judge of His world; they confound man with nature; they have, by abolishing a future life, made the present life not only not worth living, but a curse in itself. But we quite feel that in one respect these reformers have improved upon the "old subjective Bible and prevailing beliefs." They have imagined a hell worse than that of the theologians, and would turn the world into that hell.

#### CAPITALS.

WE pointed out not long ago, in an article on French and English Cities, how great was the difference in the historical position of the elder and greater cities in the two countries. We showed how small was the antiquity of most even of our oldest English towns as compared with the immemorial sites, first Gaulish, then Roman, occupied by the great cities of France. A good deal of what was then said might be applied, not only to Britain as opposed to Gaul, but to Northern Europe as opposed to Southern. Nowhere, however, is the comparison so close and striking as it is between Gaul and Britain. If we go further North or further South, the contrast becomes so wide that it in fact ceases to be a contrast. It is needless to compare the history of the cities of Greece, of Italy, or even of Spain, with those of Russia, Scandinavia, and Northern Germany. The difference, and the causes of the difference, are so obvious that they need not be dwelt on for a moment. The true comparison is between Gaul and Britain, because in the history of each of those countries we find a Celtic, a Roman, and a Teutonic element, and because the difference in the existing phenomena of the two countries is due to the wholly different relations in which the three elements stood to each other. But in the history of the capitals of the two countries we saw,



among a good deal of difference, a certain resemblance. Paris, one of the old Celtic and Roman cities, gained, lost, and regained a degree of importance which, in the course of a thousand years, has gradually developed into what it now possesses. Nearly the same may be said of London, allowing for the great doubt whether London was ever, strictly speaking, a Celtic site at all. The main difference that we saw was this. The continuous importance of Paris is shared by a vast number of French cities, only Paris has gradually shot ahead of its fellows. But the continuous importance of London is shared with it by hardly any other city in England. Again, the greatness of London was mainly owing to the commercial importance which it has retained from the earliest days down to our own. It was the greatest merchant-city of England long before it became the dwelling-place of Kings. Paris, on the other hand, was raised into importance through being the seat of that house which in the end became the Royal house. But both alike were important military posts, points of special attack and defence in the days of Scandinavian invasion. On the whole, though the points of unlikeness in the history of London and Paris are great, the points of likeness are certainly greater. Both, as cities whose history goes back to the earliest known period in the history of the country, as cities whose position as capitals is older than that of any other cities north of the Alps, stand in marked contrast to the purely artificial capitals of so many modern kingdoms.

The absolute necessity for a recognised permanent capital is a point in which modern States make a certain approach to the condition of the ancient commonwealths as distinguished from the political condition of the intermediate ages. In both cases a single permanent seat of government is found to be essential. Both therefore so far resemble one another in opposition to those mediæval kingdoms in which it could hardly be said that there was any seat of government at all. An old Teutonic King, whether in Germany or in England, had no fixed dwelling-place. He was here, there, and everywhere, as caprice or convenience might dictate. Courts, Councils, National Assemblies, were held sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, sometimes in a great city, sometimes at some royal vill or hunting-seat. The King was King of the people; his royal office had not become strictly territorial; still less did the national life centre in a particular town. Many causes combined to impress this kind of wandering character on the old Teutonic royalty. First of all, the traces of the days of actual national wandering had not yet died out; the free spirit of the old German tribes still looked on a city as being in some sort a prison. In early times also it was often desirable to be constantly moving from one royal dwelling to another, in order to consume the produce of each royal estate upon the spot. This motive was not indeed peculiar to Kings; it extended to smaller lords spiritual and temporal; and no doubt, besides the economic reason, the love of hunting had also a good deal to do with the constant goings to and fro of the Kings and great men of those days. But with all these causes a worthier motive was joined, at all events in the case of those Kings who had any deep sense of their kingly duties. Of those duties in early times the most important was for the King to visit in person every part of his kingdom, and to see with his own eyes how everything went on, and especially how justice was administered to his subjects. The early Kings, therefore, were always moving, and their habit of constant movement produced no inconvenience. An Assembly, whether of the whole nation or of any particular class, could be held in one place as well as in another. It is the complicated machinery of our modern Parliaments and Courts of Justice, and the long sessions of each, which require them to be held in some certain place. An Assembly of a simpler kind, which came together and dispersed in a few days, could meet anywhere. And, long after the times of which we speak, Parliaments were freely held wherever the King thought good. And it was considered to be one of the great triumphs of the popular party when it was ordered that the Courts of Law should be held in some certain place, and should not follow the King wherever he went.

In the state of things then which prevailed in the old Teutonic kingdoms, a capital strictly so called, a permanent seat of government, could not exist. The nearest approach to it was perhaps the position of Aachen under Charles the Great. Men could then sing of

Urbs Aquensis, urbs regalis,  
Regni sedes principalis,  
Summa Regum curia.

But Aachen can hardly be said to have held that position either before or after the death of the great Emperor. It remained—till the slovenly practice of coronations at Frankfurt crept in—the royal crowning-place, but it did not remain the seat of government. Germany, in short, never had a capital, and it has none to this day, unless late events are held to have bestowed that rank upon Berlin. In France, Paris, an important military post, became the seat of an important military government, the home of a line of Dukes who gradually grew into Kings. In England a variety of combining causes gradually made London the undoubted capital. The custom which led Kings to keep the great festivals of the Church under the shadow of one of the great churches of their kingdom gradually led to the establishment of certain fixed places for the ordinary holding of National Assemblies. In the course of the eleventh century Winchester, Westminster, and Gloucester became fixed for this purpose, and Westminster soon distanced its two fellows. Nearly all the events of that century tended to increase the importance of

London, and in the next century we may fairly give it the name of the capital of England.

London and Paris then may fairly rank as the oldest among the capitals of northern and central Europe. But the comparatively modern date of their position is shown by the fact that neither of them is an old metropolitan city. London has never held that rank since the English Conquest; Paris obtained it only in the seventeenth century. Still less claim to ecclesiastical honours belongs to those more modern capitals of other kingdoms which have become capitals in later times, and some of which were not even episcopal cities. Beside Upsala we have Stockholm; beside Trondhjem we have Bergen and Christiania; beside Lund and Roeskild we have Copenhagen. Gnesen and Cracow gave way to Warsaw; Kiev gave way to Moscow, and Moscow has given way to St. Petersburg, a capital founded on much the same principle as that on which Paris was chosen, as a frontier post important either for attack or for defence. Nowhere is the modern government fixed in the old ecclesiastical metropolis. Even in the earliest times, Aachen itself, as contrasted with Mainz, is an example of the same law.

The subordinate States, Duchies, Counties, and the like, had distinct capitals much sooner than the Kingdoms. In fact they had them from the beginning. The Duchy or County often consisted, in its origin at least, of a single city and its territory. There was no doubt about Rouen being the capital of Normandy, or about Angers being the capital of Anjou. This holds pretty generally throughout Gaul; in Germany the rule is modified by the tendency of the great cities, especially the episcopal cities, to become free commonwealths owning no superior but the Emperor.

South of the Alps, Spain follows the same law as the northern and central kingdoms. Madrid is a purely modern and artificial capital. Lisbon holds a higher place in history; but Lisbon is not the original ecclesiastical centre of the County and Kingdom of Portugal. In Italy the ancient cities have largely retained their position as capitals of the numerous separate States of the peninsula, and Italy alone has been called on in our own day to choose a capital for the whole kingdom from among the capitals of its several parts. In Greece a purely sentimental feeling has pitched on Athens, just as a purely sentimental feeling calls for the Old Rome as the head of Italy—a feeling quite distinct from the irresistible national impulse to make Rome and the Roman territory Italian. Meanwhile one city remains whose position no change has shaken. Among all changes of nation, language, and religion, under the Roman, the Frank, the Greek, and the Ottoman, the New Rome has uninterruptedly kept her place as the Imperial city of the East.

We said that the necessary choice of some city as the one seat of government is a point in which modern States resemble the ancient commonwealths more closely than they do the mediæval kingdoms. But there is a wide difference between the two cases. In an ancient commonwealth, and in a mediæval commonwealth too, the one city was not merely the head; it was everything. The whole life and being of the State centred in the one city. It assumed something like the position of a modern capital only when, by any process of conquest or absorption, it annexed, like Sparta, Athens, Rome, Carthage, Venice, and Bern, the territories of other cities or States. Such a city was, like the capital of a modern kingdom, the one permanent seat of government, but it differed from the capital of a modern kingdom in one most important respect. It was more than the seat of government for the whole territory; it was actually the mistress of the whole territory. Its citizens were a ruling class, holding special rights above the inhabitants of the rest of the territory. But the citizens of a modern capital, whatever airs they may choose to give themselves, hold no legal advantage over their fellow-subjects elsewhere. There must be some one permanent seat of government; such or such a city is chosen by caprice or convenience to be that one permanent seat of government; and that is all. The extraordinary influence which Paris has had for a long time back in French history arises from various causes, but not from any legal privileges enjoyed by Parisians above other Frenchmen. A Parisian riot is accepted as a French Revolution; but it is not so in all countries. The movement which drove Otho from Greece did not begin in Athens, and the movement which drove Isabella from Spain did not begin in Madrid. In England we trust to be spared revolutions altogether, but we feel sure that London, as London, could never dictate to England. If it did so it would not be as London, but as the epitome of the whole kingdom, containing representatives of every part of the kingdom and of every class in it. London has before now chosen Kings for England, but it has been London acting as the prerogative tribe of England. The ascendancy of Paris is something of a different kind, something in no way inherent in the mere position of the city as the capital in the modern sense.

#### THE PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

A RECENT Anglican writer of considerable theological reputation, who has made the Greek Church his speciality, observes that the Pope is making the mistake of "confounding a Topical Council with an Ecumenical one," in his programme for the Synod to be held at Rome next December. Mr. G. Williams means that the Council will represent the West only, and not the

Universal Church. Now this was certainly not the intention of those who originally projected it. Mgr. Dupanloup, and the other French Bishops who joined with him in first urging the scheme on Pius IX., really desired, as is abundantly clear from his recent pastoral, such a congress as might be in some real sense a representative assembly of Christendom. They were anxious that the authorities of the Greek Church, and of the principal "Protestant and non-Catholic" bodies—as the Pope has since termed them—especially of the Church of England, should be present. Nor was there anything in the traditions of the Roman Church herself to interfere with the carrying out of this idea. On the contrary, all the precedents were in favour of it. The Greeks were summoned to the Council of Florence, and summoned, not as inferiors, but as equals. The Council was convoked by letters from the Patriarch of Constantinople as well as from the Pope, and the Patriarch's letter was read in the Council before the Pope's. The Anglican Bishops and representatives from the German Protestant communities were summoned to the Council of Trent, not to be judged, but to be heard. And, apart from all questions of ecclesiastical precedent, it is obvious on the face of it that no other policy could have the slightest chance of promoting that restored unity which the Roman authorities profess earnestly to desire. Nevertheless it is clear that, so far as the present intention of those authorities goes, the Council will be only a "Topical" one. The Jesuit Camarilla who just now pull the wires at the Vatican were not strong enough to overrule the proposal of the Council altogether, but they have done their utmost, and hitherto with every prospect of success, to frustrate the objects of those from whom the proposal emanated. Invitations have indeed been sent to the Greek Bishops, and a sort of circular—which is not an invitation at all, though it has been the fashion to call it so—has been addressed to "Protestants and other non-Catholics," exhorting them to instant and absolute submission to the existing claims of the Papacy. But a cursory glance at these documents will suffice to show, without a shadow of doubt, that neither of them was meant to be taken seriously. The Pope, indeed, may have been led to think that he was giving effect to the desire of his "paternal heart," the sincerity of which nobody questions, for the reunion of all Christians in one fold; but those who guided his pen knew well enough that they had taken the surest means of keeping away from the projected Council all but those on whose subserviency they reckoned, and whom alone they wished to see there. We referred on a former occasion to the deliberate insult conveyed to the Eastern Patriarchs in the very form of the missive addressed to them. The lofty admonition to the Protestants was still more dictatorial, not to say contemptuous, in its tone. They were not even invited to come to the Council, unless as suppliants and learners; they were simply bidden to hear, to tremble, and to obey. And the response evoked was in either case what might have been expected, and what evidently was desired. The Greeks have sent a formal refusal, and the Protestants, who were not officially addressed, have made no official reply, and have only here and there uttered a few unofficial sneers. So far the ground is left free for Ultramontane intrigues, and it will be no fault of the many "Congregations" already hard at work at Rome in preparing the subjects for discussion if the Council of 1869 does not dutifully register whatever decrees the Vatican may please to lay before it, and clench the merit of its self-denying ordinances by a solemn assertion of Papal infallibility which will supersede the necessity of holding any Councils in the future. Dr. Manning has informed the world that, whatever tempests this proceeding may raise for the moment, it will be certainly followed by "a great calm." And we are inclined to agree with him. If the machinations of his party are crowned with success, it is very probable that for some time there will be a dead calm. But it will be the stillness of stagnation, the lethargy of a living death. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*

It is only within the last few days that an authorized report has appeared in the English newspapers of the interview between the Patriarch of Constantinople and the Papal emissaries on October 5. It is taken from "the official account of the Protosynellium," and translated from the *Eastern Star*. The report entirely confirms the substantial accuracy of what had been previously stated, but it is fuller and more exact. And it is not a little remarkable how entirely the Greeks have throughout the better of the argument, or rather the whole of it. The four Latin priests made no attempt to answer the weighty considerations laid before them by the Patriarch, except in one instance, by observing—what no one had denied—that it was not enough to pray for a restoration of unity while other means of attaining the end were neglected. It is to the credit of both parties that the interview appears to have been conducted with mutual courtesy and respect. And, as it is the only approach to official intercourse between the authorities of the divided Churches that has taken place for four centuries, it may be interesting to our readers to give a brief narrative of the proceedings. The reception of the Papal envoys was appointed to take place between nine and ten on Saturday, October 5. And it opened thus:—

About ten o'clock on Saturday Dom Testas arrived, accompanied by three other priests, of whom one spoke Greek a little; all, however, spoke French. After interchange of salutations at the Protosynellium, they were conducted by the Protosynellus to his Holiness. Having entered the presence of his Holiness and kissed his hands, they took their seats at the kindly invitation of the Patriarch, who embraced them. While his Holiness was proceeding with the customary expressions of kindness and goodwill, they all rose, and Dom Testas took from his bosom a letter, tied with gold cord,

and in a purple cover, and handed it to the Patriarch, while the priest next to him said in Greek, "In the absence of Brunoni we come to invite your Holiness to the Œcumenical Council to be held at Rome in the next year, on the 8th of December, and therefore we call on you to accept this present written summons."

His Holiness then motioned to the envoys to lay the gold-fastened letter on the desk, and proceeded to address them "in an earnest tone indicative of paternal love and kindness." He began by observing that the Roman newspapers had already published the contents of the letter now presented to him (another breach of courtesy surely), which was of such a nature as to make it impossible for him to receive a document based on "principles utterly abhorrent from those of the Orthodox Eastern Church; antagonistic to the spirit of the Gospels and to the teaching of the Œcumenical Councils and of the Holy Fathers"; as had also been the Encyclical issued by the Pope in 1848. The answer to that Encyclical had displeased His Holiness, and the Greek Patriarchs had no wish to reopen old wounds by any fresh reply, nor did they think there was any room for mutual understanding or discussion in Council without some common basis of principles acknowledged on both sides. But they considered—speaking herein the mind of the foremost German Roman Catholic divines of the day—"that the most successful and least irritating method of solving such questions is the historical method." All alike should recur to the doctrines held in common ten centuries ago by East and West, from which Rome had latterly departed. Here Dom Testas interposed by asking to what novel opinions His Holiness referred? The Patriarch, in reply, enumerated the following, which contain the essence of the Ultramontane theory:—

To omit details, we cannot (so long as the Church of the Saviour is on the earth) admit—1, that there is in the Universal Church of Christ any bishop, supreme ruler, and head other than the Lord; 2, that there is any patriarch infallible and unerring, speaking *ex cathedra*, and above Œcumenical Councils, in which latter is infallibility when they are in accordance with Scripture and Apostolic tradition; 3, that the Apostles were unequal (in contempt of the Holy Ghost, who enlightened them all equally); or 4, that this or that Patriarch or Pope had pre-eminence of seat, not by human and synodical arrangement, but (as ye assert) by Divine right; and other similar points.

On this one of the Latin priests was indiscreet enough to object that the Council of Florence had settled these points. The Patriarch answered, justly enough, that "such an assembly is not even worthy of the sacred name of Council—an assemblage collected on political grounds, on grounds of purely worldly interest, and which ended in a decision imposed for a time on some few of our Church by dint of starvation, and every kind of violence and threat, by him who was then Pope." We need not travel beyond the pages of a candid but Roman Catholic historian, in Ffoulkes's *Christendom's Divisions*, to see how abundantly this description of the Council is justified by facts. The Patriarch might have added that even the Florentine decree, extorted as it notoriously was by force and fraud, is so little equal to the exigencies of the Ultramontane position that scarcely a single Roman divine can quote without garbling and mistranslating it, to a conspicuous example of which device in this country we called attention not very long ago. His Holiness added that, if the Pope desired to convoke a really Œcumenical Council, he ought to have written separately to consult each of the Eastern Patriarchs first, and not have sought to impose it on them dictatorially, as though he was lord and master of all. He concluded in these words:—

This being so, either do ye, too, recur to history and the General Councils in order that on historical grounds may be restored the much-longed-for true and Christian unity, or we will again content ourselves with continued prayers and supplications for the peace of the whole world, the security of the Churches of God, and the union of all Christendom; but under such circumstances, we assure you with sorrow that we consider the convening of the Council vain and fruitless, and also this document which ye have brought.

One of the Latin priests suggested that, if a man is sick, we provide remedies and physicians for him, besides praying for his recovery. The Patriarch replied that Christ the Lord, who founded His Church, alone knew who was sick, how grievous was the sickness, and what was the proper remedy, and repeated that there was "great need of fervent and unceasing prayer to our Lord, who is Love itself, that He will inspire all with love to God, and all that leads to salvation." On this the Protosynellus was directed to return the Papal letter to the bearers, who received a kind farewell from His Holiness, and took their leave.

If this report may be relied upon—and we know no reason for doubting it—nothing could be more dignified than the conduct of the Patriarch throughout. Nor would the Papal envoys have found it easy to answer his arguments. That they had been ordered to abstain from discussion is exceedingly probable, but in that case the discretion of declining so equivocal an invitation is only rendered the more obvious. One of them indeed said—and it was the only comment made on the Patriarch's statement of the differences between the Churches quoted above—"It is not proposed that Rome should change her principles." Be it so. But a dispute in which one side declares itself to be so wholly in the right that it will not even suffer a question to be raised as to any modification of its claims, is not very likely to be arranged. And the only arrangement contemplated by those who inspired the imperious missive to the Eastern Bishops is one to which, like the Irishman's courtship, "they have their own consent," and will have long to wait before they get anybody else's.



## CHRISTMAS MERRIMENT.

THE philanthropist must feel a load lifted from his mind as he sees each successive Christmas season dismissed to the limbo of the past. Suffering never seems so ghastly as when it wears the mask of enjoyment, and at Christmas time—to judge by the wry faces of the merry-makers—the bitter dregs at the bottom of the cup of pleasure are pretty well shaken up through the draught. Police cases are common enough any morning of the year, but it is at Christmas that sensitive consciences can glide or plunge into excess in a spirit of poetry, consecrate their dissipation in *memoriam* of the hallowed reminiscences of their childhood, and celebrate the sacred festival appropriately with a variety of aggravated assaults. We must confess that our holidays for the people are far from being among the most creditable of our national institutions, and when they come in the short dark days of winter, they are especially apt to throw out our national weaknesses in gloomy relief. No hymn can possibly be more suitable to the Christmas season than that about Satan and idle hands. We are blessed with nothing of the happy, careless temperament of the lotus-eater, that can dismiss the soul to float in a mirage of the senses, while the inanimate body remains behind in the passive enjoyment of doing nothing with all its might. The primeval curse, falling heavier in this island than elsewhere, seems to condemn us to earn our very pleasures by the sweat of our brow. It is our climate, perhaps, which is chiefly responsible for our tastes and habits, and is at the bottom of our intensely national method of merry-making. Nature has tempered our dispositions to our cheerless atmosphere, just as she thickens the coats of animals transported from the south to the north, while she thins wool into hair when the wearers are transferred from the north towards the tropics. It is morally impossible to be bright in a December fog, and physically so to lounge away life in a bitter wind or a biting frost. We are driven to take our pleasures sadly or violently, while, from the impulse of our usual active habits, the battle of life—too often literally—is carried from our working days into our holidays. The most quiet-going of our pleasure-seekers would decline free admission to any entertainment that does not begin with a struggle and end with a crush. Fancy an Italian or a Spaniard sentenced to work out his day's amusement in our English way. Leicester Square, strangely out of harmony with its surroundings as it always seems, is never so much so as when all London round it is toiling at making holiday. And figure the reverse of the picture—an Englishman attempting to enjoy himself in southern fashion in the weather we have been having lately. Nature would nip any such effort in the bud. It is all very well for the half-million inhabitants of sunny Naples to pass such a Christmas as the *Times* Correspondent paints—indifferent to stimulants, lounging out and in the *dolce* shops when they have money, clustering like flies outside the windows when they have not, and cloying at least one sense as they gaze on the treasures of sugar within. They and their congeners in southern cities may sleep crowded away anyhow in stifling quarters, but they troop forth from their foul dens in the morning to find themselves, save in very exceptional weather, in something like the Tropical Department of the Crystal Palace, infinitely brightened and indefinitely magnified, although perhaps a little more draughty. And in the background, to gratify any unconscious appreciation of the beautiful which they may have by chance, clear bold mountain outlines replace the fog-wrapped heights of Kent, and the dim forms of the Knockholt beeches; and the whole landscape lights up with changing tints, and blazes in colours to which the *azulejos* of the Alhambra Court are dull. Then, in the South, the people have such an infinity of Sundays and saints' days that they accept their idleness passively as a matter of everyday recurrence, and learn perforce to idle their time away in an expensive fashion. An Englishman in constant employment finds, on the other hand, that the holidays of the longest working life shrink up into a few weeks, for his Sundays don't count, as then he finds every place of public entertainment sealed to him, while the arbitrary restrictions imposed on the public-houses put him out of his natural way, and prevent his falling back on his natural resource. If he is a man of a single idea, amusing himself from hand to mouth, he begins early to improve each dull hour of his holiday, or more probably he anticipates its doubtful pleasures the evening before, by plunging within the hospitable doors of the nearest gin-palace. If he is of a more thoughtful cast of mind, a solemn sense of responsibility as to its right disposal heralds the advent of the long-looked-for day, and anxiety embitters all his foretastes of pleasure. The problem that weighs on his mind is how to get the greatest quantity of enjoyment at the cheapest rate out of a very limited time.

At Christmas its solution in a satisfactory sense becomes especially difficult, and the probable chances of the weather, and the certain brevity of the days, lamentably circumscribe his field of choice. Sanguine enthusiasts who build their plans on the hopes of a fine day, find, generally speaking, that they have raised the frail fabric on a foundation of shifting mud and sloppy pavement, and in an atmosphere of driving rain and storm; while the wiser, taught by experience, make up their minds against disappointment by assuming the worst. Few of them venture to stray off to the country in quest of their amusement, and the few who do, find their day one long repentance. Turning in disgust from the naked shivering forms of nature, they seek consolation in some sequestered public-house, that welcomes the soaked and disenchanting pilgrims. Wretched

as they are, they have in some points the advantage of those who stay behind them in town, and who ultimately reach the same goal as they—intoxication or semi-intoxication—by perhaps a longer road. At least they have had change of air and scene, while the others turn out into a familiar town stripped of its everyday attractions, and solemnly wearing its Sunday garb of forbidding decorum. A holiday for the masses means an eclipse of the shop-windows and their contents; and these are all that commonly brightens the thoroughfare insensibly even to the most abstracted passers by. You might as well send a tourist in search of the picturesque to go into raptures over the sides of a railway cutting, as expect a cockney to feel lively between a double row of barred shutters and bolted doors. Accordingly, with the exception of children, who are happy in the simple fact of its being a holiday, and couples keeping company who have only eyes for themselves, the general aspect of the crowds is that of people trying to bear up cheerfully against a weight of wretchedness. They feel that they have a long day before them to be killed, with none of their habitual resources to kill it with. There is nothing to be done before dinner-time, and nothing after that, until they take their places in the *guene* that stretches over the dripping pavement from the theatre doors. Moreover Christmas entertainments are contemporaneous with Christmas bills, and most people who have any ready money to spend may be assumed to have also a certain amount of credit that they have abused, and now the day of reckoning is at hand. Then Christmas is proverbially the time for joviality; the eloquent example of social superiors, the genial enthusiasm of purveyors of Christmas literature, all incite to revelry, and everything combines to suggest a drinking bout as the obvious way of filling up an interlude, and the common bond that unites us all in a brotherhood of love and charity. After all, the old Scandinavian Valhalla, with its riot and drinking and fighting, is likely always, in spite of the spread of civilization and religion, to find place in one shape or other in our popular conceptions of Paradise.

In common justice to our countrymen, we have tried to extenuate the undoubted national weakness for drinking and brawling, as being vices of our situation and climate, and so due in great measure to circumstances which we are powerless to control. But when we have said everything that can be said, it is extenuation, not excuse, and we must be content to share among us the disgrace of our Christmas scandals. Authority is far too lenient, while public opinion rather encourages than deprecates the madness of the carnival. What is called pleasure by the many is pain and grief to a good many more, and death to not a few. Night after night while the so-called festivities are at their height, bands of vulgar drunkards, undisturbed by the police, make night hideous everywhere with their horrible Christmas carols—coarse comic songs from the *répertoires* of the music halls, howled out of all time and tune, backwards or forwards as fancy may suggest, like the devil's vespers. The more impetuous have anticipated the general beginning of the carnival by a couple of nights or so, and, having prematurely run out of means or brain, are consigned for the great day of the feast to the cold oblivion of the police cell. Unluckily that happy riddance does not materially affect the discomfort of the more peaceable public, for if some have broken down at the prologue, there are plenty of choice spirits left to play the revels to an end as loyal subjects of the lord of misrule. If authority does not absolutely abdicate during the *saturnalia*, yet it humours for the time the innocent foibles of the people, and the police, when their services are needed most, are ordered to confine their duties to those of an army of observation. Like the *sergents de ville* at a ball at the Mabillo or Valentino, they interfere only in the event of extreme license or aggravated violence. Notwithstanding their chivalrous forbearance, each morning during the holidays produces at the police offices its batch of sodden ghastly faces and trembling dingy forms, charged as drunk, quarrelsome, or incapable, who are let loose with an impressive caution, that they'd better not be so again. The dead picked up while the *saturnalia* are running their course are out of all proportion to the prisoners. This year, one coroner has sat in a single day upon twelve inquests, "most of the deaths being the result of holiday excesses." And before that he had sat upon six infants, picked up dead in the streets on Boxing-day. Meanwhile his brother coroners were nearly as hard at work in similar cases, and we hear of several little social parties that terminated in murder. Pretty well for the special season of peace and good-will. We pride ourselves on being an earnest people, who like to work while we work, and play while we play, but surely we need not go about our pleasuring in such grim earnest as this. Drunkenness and dissipation are quietly disposing of their victims all the year round, but it is on our yearly winter holiday that they have their grand field-day. And one of their best allies is that sickly sentimentalism, the cant of a morbid effort at joviality, at which sensible men shrug their shoulders, but which is still preached and prosed about *ad nauseam* Christmas after Christmas. Not that we would wish to see Christmas pass unobserved; but there is a mean in all things, and there is an extravagant anachronism in insisting on our playing bacchanals, wreathing ourselves with holly, and getting astride upon wine casks with the spigots out, on this particular day of the year. There can be no earthly reason why all ranks should not make a Christian anniversary an occasion for a pleasant gathering, and there can be no more appropriate day than one in midwinter for sharing the luxuries of life with one's less lucky neighbours. But that is quite a different thing from deliberately poisoning the moral atmosphere at the end of each December, until we get it into a condition

which experience tells us is fruitful of follies and crimes. Drunkenness does not happen to be the special temptation of the upper classes, but their tone and example works downwards, and every one, because Christmas comes but once a year, strives according to his lights and means to realize his own ideal of reckless joviality. This year we have brought our deadly merriment into happy keeping with the scenes reported everywhere from the country and the coasts. The gale that shook our windows as we sipped our claret was breaking up crank old colliers by the dozen, and sinking North Sea steamers heavily hampered with their deck loads. Morning after morning brings its tale of wrecks and disasters at sea, floods, and destruction of property. Churches fall in on their congregations, stacks of chimneys tumble across the crowded street. There are explosions in coal mines and collisions on railways. The poor in the East are suffering intensely, and starvation is more rife than it generally is even at this festive season; and every day, one or two of the many who have been dying off of inanition have been detected, and reported upon after the fact by the coroner. Revelry under such circumstances may suggest to some minds the orgies held during the plague of Florence; but we may congratulate ourselves on an exciting and, we hope, a merry Christmas.

#### A WOMAN'S RIGHT ORGANS.

A WEEKLY newspaper called the *Revolution* has been started at New York as the organ of Woman's Rights. And a recent number contains a discussion between Mr. "Brick" Pomeroy, who is the editor of some other newspaper, and the editor of the *Revolution*, which supplies curious information as to what American women are, and what it is thought they ought to be. Mr. Pomeroy complains of the frivolity and extravagance of the women of New York, and the editor answers that the men make them what they are. It may not perhaps be safe to judge of New York by London, but certainly, among ourselves, men like women not so much for the fashions they adopt as in spite of them. Husbands submit themselves to the immutable decree which ordains that their wives should wear hair of two different colours, and neither of them natural. The fashion of Guinevere is obsolete, and if her character finds any imitators, the modern Arthur must be understood to apply the words "my pride in happier summers" to the thing called a *chignon*. It is a pity that this discussion in the *Revolution* was not held some weeks before, because the editor, taking upon herself to speak on behalf of her sex, declares in effect that if women had votes they would leave off *chignons*; and we think that the argument thus suggested, if it had been urged, as it might have been, with all the eloquence of the Solicitor-General, would have prevailed with our Court of Common Pleas, and thus a judgment which the *Revolution* laments might never have been delivered. In every enlightened country the law adapts itself to the convenience of society; and if our Judges had been told that *chignons* would be exchanged for votes, the suffrages of the ladies might, at the next election, restore Mr. Gladstone to his seat for South-west Lancashire. "Give women something better to do and to think about, and they will abandon the Grecian bend and the Italian wriggle." Thus writes the editor in answer to Mr. Pomeroy, upon whom she turns the tables with an adroitness which, if it would not make her very angry, we would call feminine. Mr. Pomeroy complains that he sees daughters of bankrupt merchants parading Broadway "as if doubled up by a six-pound shot in the stomach, as they labour along under the excruciating delights of the Italian wriggle or the Grecian bend." The editor retorts, that, if it is made the business of women's lives to attract men, this can only be done by a succession of new modes and manners. Mr. Pomeroy, adopting a freedom which we can hardly bring ourselves to imitate, addresses that august personage, the editor of the *Revolution*, as "Susan." He laments that the money which might make home attractive should be squandered upon steel-corsets, patent calves, gum-elastic suspenders, cork-screw ringlets, horse-tail frizzes, twenty-seven dollar hats, sixteen dollar gaiters, three-storey bustles, &c. "If you will try to make the women sensible, Susan, I will try to do what I can for the men." Let the Grecian bend be taken off the girls, and common sense be put in the place of that foreign article, and then Mr. Pomeroy will undertake to diminish the revenue arising from distilled spirits. If the women will cultivate household graces and virtues, the men may be brought to practise temperance and frugality. The editor repels this proposal for compromise with indignant scorn. "Women, their rights, and nothing less," is the motto of her paper. She demands to have "the man and woman idea" blended everywhere together. Thus far has prevailed a dynasty of force, which is the male element; hence war, violence, discord, debauchery. From this evil state redemption can only be obtained by the recognition and restoration of the love element, which is woman; for so long as woman is under man's heel all things are inverted; but when she is exalted, and made to feel her dignity and responsibility as mother and educator of the race, then will those follies and vices of which thinking men complain be swallowed up in the majesty of the higher position. "The present type of woman is formed wholly in the man idea," and you can make women wise only by changing the conditions of their lives. Sensible women, here and there, all through the generations, have protested against the condition of toy or drudge, and have fought their way, inch by inch, toward social and political equality.

Mr. Pomeroy's letter deals rather freely in what is called

"chaff," but the paper in which it appears is written in a terribly earnest spirit. We need scarcely say that the Susan whom he addresses is not the "pretty Susan" of a popular burlesque. She desires to discuss with Mr. Pomeroy the grave problems of political and social life. If there be in the range of poetry any character with whom she might be compared, it must be that adventurous girl in trowsers, of whose maritime exploits we read that,

When the captain came to hear on't,  
He very much approved of what she had done,  
And he quickly made her first lieutenant  
Of the gallant Thunder Bomb.

The only difference is, that Susan would insist upon being made captain on the spot, and would recommend the captain whom she had superseded to take a basin of gruel and go to bed. This editor, who is as cheerful as Cassandra, sees the ship of the American State on a stormy sea, rapidly drifting towards the same dangerous shore where all the nations of the past have foundered and gone down. She sees men at the helm drunk with rum, selfishness, and ambition, and there is no law, no order, no discipline on board. Is it wonderful, then, she asks, that, in an hour like this, true women, with brave hearts, clear heads, and sturdy hands, should try to seize the helm, and change the dangerous course? It may surprise English readers to be told that the United States are going to the bad at this alarming pace. Mr. Pomeroy is not an optimist. He indicates faults in the social condition of his country which he thinks may be corrected by playful satire, but Susan breaks in upon his epistolary gambols with a shriek of alas! alas! woe! woe! and drowns his feeble protest against the Grecian bend and the Italian wriggle by calling upon her countrywomen to save the Republic from imminent disaster. We are bidden, says she, to improve our homes; but what is a home without a country? The rebellion has been with great difficulty put down; the negroes have been liberated, and the ordinary American politician of the male sex thinks that the time has come to rest and be thankful, after grievous toils and unhopd-for triumphs. It was thus that Agamemnon returned from the siege of Troy, and called for a boot-jack and his slippers, and was proceeding to make himself comfortable in his house, when the Trojan prophetess proclaimed that she saw under that roof a human shambles and a blood-stained floor. Has America reached the basis of true government? If we ventured to hint a doubt upon this point, we should be denounced for our inordinate jealousy of republican institutions. But Susan tells us that that basis is still to seek. As God lives and "humans" are inspired it shall be reached. "America shall be free." The negroes are to have votes, and the Indians are to have votes, and the Chinamen who come to California and underbid native Americans in the labour-market are to have votes, and all the women, white, black, red, and various, are to have votes; and then, at last, America will be free, and will present to the nations of the Old World that spectacle of liberty, order, and enlightened progress which some of her ignorant male politicians suppose she has been presenting for at least half a century.

It would be highly impertinent to suggest that these ladies are not so miserable as they suppose. A Correspondent of the *Revolution* thinks that if the pursuit of happiness were the real object of existence, the women of civilized Christian countries might look with envy upon their sisters of China or Turkey, who feel no aspiration for anything beyond their abject, degraded life. "The cultivation and development which women are grudgingly permitted to acquire are but the little ray of light which reveals to the captive the unknown horrors of the cell." There are a few exceptionally happy women who unite with men to ridicule and oppose the efforts of the oppressed and wretched multitude of their sex. "Happiness, considered as a delight in existence, physical or mental enjoyment, is a passion which few women beyond the age of childhood retain or acquire." It is admitted, indeed, that a woman happily married is most happy; but then such marriages are rare, and another grievance is that divorce cannot, at least in some of the States, be obtained as easily as it ought. Thus, to make marriage, or to unmake it, is alike difficult, and woman is in both ways wronged. But the chief and crown of all her sorrows is that the disability for political action under which she labours is beyond her power to remove. "The only real objection in her case is insurmountable by any effort she can possibly put forth." We know that there is a time when a bonnet is not a bonnet, but a woman cannot cease to be a woman, and neither gods nor "humans" can change her sex. As Susan oddly puts it, "sex was never man's obstruction, else he also could never have been a voter." The idea of man separated from the idea of sex is rather difficult to grasp, unless the mind has been prepared by regular perusal from week to week of the *Revolution*. Another grievance, which we are happy to observe is not irremediable, is that in the service of the Church of England the congregation are addressed as "dearly beloved brethren." The editor considers that this usage descends from an age when it was assumed that women had no souls. We find a correspondent suggesting that a negro who ventured to assert his superiority to white women ought to have been thrown by the editor over a grave-yard fence. "She might have had any amount of help." But the editor thinks that the negro would have been too strong for her. It is refreshing, after many pages devoted to "the faith, the divinity, the poetry, the affections, and sentiments of life," to find a lady proposing to another lady that she should fling a man over a fence, because "he expressed



himself unwilling for women to vote." If the negro had been told that the dynasty of force had been overthrown, and that he was invited to assist in the recognition and restoration of the love element, he might perhaps have been slightly puzzled, and we may conjecture that he would have expressed his thoughts nearly in the lines:—

It may have been right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?

Indeed, after the treatment which the negro has undergone from his professed friends, we should expect that if anybody began to talk about loving him, he would run away and hide himself without delay.

We shall await the appearance of future numbers of the *Revolution* with an anxious hope that its editor and contributors will be able to keep down their spirits, and maintain an unflinching supply of lamentation, mourning, and woe. We most heartily wish these ladies a miserable New Year, and, if we had known them a week sooner, we should have wished them a wretched Christmas. May they, like Lady Constance, be able to defy all counsel, all redress. May they, like Antigone, call heaven to witness what deeds they suffer, and at what men's hands. May they bewail their virginity upon the mountains, and their marriages in the valleys. May they continue to suffer and endure, but not with tears; for the weakness of weeping is, we find, forbidden to them, as to the Oneida chief of whom we have all heard. May they realize the agony of disappointment, and at the same time remember the advice of one of their leaders, who "has never found that crying helped it any."

#### THE THEATRES.

THERE was a time, and that within the memory even of young men, when the theatrical year of London as regularly commenced on St. Stephen's Day as the ecclesiastical year on Advent Sunday. The appearance of Christmas pieces in every direction on a single night marked the commencement of a new period, and playgoers were at once forced to think of nothing but the pantomimes, while an impassable gulf seemed to separate all that had gone before from all that was to come. He who talked on the 1st of January of the theatrical events of the 20th of the preceding December would have been as close an approximation to an old almanac as it is possible for a human being to become.

This sharp chronology has come to an end. Christmas, so far as the principal theatres are concerned, is simply a festival which some managers observe and some do not, and we might venture to say that the houses where the great holiday is most carelessly regarded are precisely those which afford the best index of the state of the drama as a possible branch of literature. Having paid our tribute to the season by stating that Boxing-day has been honoured at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum with a pantomime, and at two or three of the other theatres with a new extravaganza, adding the fact that the rage for harlequinade is as prevalent as ever in the suburbs, we may safely take our stand at the beginning of January, and survey the condition of theatrical affairs during the concluding months of the past year.

In the first place, it may be remarked that the poetical drama is at present in a state of abeyance, the termination of which is not to be foreseen. Managers have ceased to regard the plays of Shakespeare as convenient vehicles for costly decoration, and there are no actors who, for any length of time, can render even the most favourite tragedies attractive to the great body of the public. During the earlier period of Mr. F. B. Chatterton's management of Drury Lane, an attempt was made to enhance the prestige of the old theatre by reviving the dramas by which its old fame had been acquired, and at the commencement of winter we were pretty sure of a certain amount of "legitimate" entertainment, and perhaps of a "revival" in the sense of the word employed by Mr. Charles Kean, though by no means on Mr. Charles Kean's scale of magnificence. The temporary return of Miss Helen Faucit to the stage gave a special impulse to the poetical tendency of Drury Lane, and for a while enthusiasts might flatter themselves that one of the old national temples of the drama would rise to an eminence even higher than it had reached in the days of yore; its old rival, Covent Garden, being too hopelessly Italianized ever again to become a serious competitor. But since the retirement of the great actress "Old Drury" has grown cool to the legitimate cause, and the principle being firmly established that the Christmas pantomime is the main source of revenue, the manager during the earlier months of his season seeks to fight his "sensational" neighbours with their own weapons, having an advantage in the magnitude of his theatre and the excellence of his painter, Mr. W. Beverley. And this year the battle has been fought with some credit to Mr. Chatterton. Mr. Andrew Halliday's version of Sir W. Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, entitled *King o' Scots*, though the author has taken great liberties with his subject, and has had recourse even to farcical expedients for the sake of applause, is not to be classed for a moment with those revelations of an imaginary London Bohemia which owe their success to mechanical appliances. King Jamie was at all events a good historical character, exactly fitted to the peculiarities of Mr. Phelps, who also gave a refined portraiture of miserly old age by doing double duty, and playing the parts of the cautious, greedy Trapbois, besides that of the canny monarch. Here was a piece of acting that afforded real intellec-

tual enjoyment; and though in the construction of the play the introduction of Mr. Beverley's scenery was a leading motive, the scenery itself was historically instructive. Alsatians were perhaps not more reputable than the Arabs, as they are called, of modern London; but, by mere remoteness of time, something like ideality is produced.

The revival of the poetical drama is not, then, at present on the cards. Mr. Bandmann, the German actor at the Lyceum, has not followed up the success of his performance in the exceptional character of Narcisse with a striking delineation of any other character, nor was he able to give prolonged vitality to Lord Lytton's *Rightful Heir*. Miss Bateman, indeed, concluded an engagement at the Haymarket by playing the principal female character in a blank-verse tragedy called *Pietra*, adapted from the German of M. Mosenthal, the author of *Deborah*, otherwise *Leah*; but though the actress displayed in it all those qualities which have found favour in two hemispheres, it was found that a piece written in the tragic form had about it an old-fashioned look and was unsuited to the day. Miss Bateman gains a new character, which is that of a somewhat rugged Juliet, to vary her provincial repertory, but the poetical creation of M. Mosenthal has done little to change the theatrical aspect of London.

But if the old dramatic forms have ceased to be popular, theatrical art appears on the whole in a condition somewhat more hopeful than that on which we animadverted in the autumn. A period then seemed to be at hand when there would be no further need of literary or histrionic talent, and the perfection of stage management would bring with it the destruction of the stage. The only chance of safety for dramatic art seemed then to lie in a reaction; and a reaction, unless we are greatly mistaken, has begun. For three whole months not a single piece has been brought out in which the attempt has been made to attract the public by a mere copy of the details of actual life, although several novelties have been produced within that period, and two new theatres have been opened in the very heart of London—the Globe and the Gaiety. A species of drama which may as fairly be called comedy as any production of the modern French stage, and which first struck root in the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is now spreading in various directions, and it is to this that the new adventurers in the field of theatrical enterprise are evidently directing their attention. The characteristics of the species are a choice of the present day as the proper time of action, but this choice is made, not with a view to the mimic reproduction of cabs and railways, but is accompanied by an attempt to place characters on the stage that cannot be represented without a certain amount of histrionic talent, and thus to exhibit human instead of inanimate realities. These characters, too, talk dialogue which is of some value on its own account, instead of merely serving as an explanation of effects addressed to the eye, and which consequently demands something like wit and humour on the part of the author—something that is technically expressed by the word "writing." Another virtue of the species is its hostility to that star-system which has so long been adverse to the construction of pieces on a broad basis. All the comedies written for the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Mr. T. W. Robertson, who may fairly be regarded not only as the head but as the founder of the school, require equal acting by a large number of performers; and the same may be said of the recent pieces by Mr. H. J. Byron, who is Mr. Robertson's chief disciple, and who now reveals a talent for comedy which was concealed while he was satisfied to distinguish himself as the smartest writer of burlesques.

We may illustrate our remarks by passing in review several London theatres. The last novelty at the Prince of Wales's was a comedy by Mr. E. Yates, entitled *Tame Cats*, which, albeit a failure on account of its defective construction, was at any rate an exhibition of character, carefully delineated. At the Globe, the new theatre in Newcastle Street, Strand, there is a comedy by Mr. Byron, called *Cyril's Success*. The vicissitudes incident to a dramatic author's career are treated in somewhat melodramatic fashion, a domestic interest being raised by a difference between the author and his wife. The jokes occasionally smack overmuch of the shop, but the writing is very epigrammatic, and though one act is raised to importance above the rest by practical pleasantries, these are contrived in the spirit of that class of comedy in which intrigue is an essential element. At the Gaiety, recently opened in the Strand, the principal piece is a drama, called *On the Cards*, adapted from a well-known French play entitled *L'Escamoteur*, the attraction of which depends on the admirable acting of Mr. Alfred Wigan, as an unprincipled impostor, by trade a practiser of legerdemain, who by force of circumstances is converted into an honest man, and thus combines the grotesque and the pathetic elements. The members of the company who support Mr. Wigan are not for the most part in the enjoyment of high celebrity, but some of them are of good promise and work well together. At the Strand the burlesque is rivalled by the performance of Mr. J. S. Clarke, an American actor, who, in a farcical comedy called the *Widow Hunt*, makes of a cowardly officer in the militia an odd personage, as original in its way as the Lord Dundreary of Mr. Sothorn. At the Royalty, likewise a house chiefly dependent on burlesque, there is a two-act piece by Mr. Andrew Halliday, called the *Loving Cup*, in which we find the character of a selfish, contented "loafer" most accurately conceived by the author, and fully realized by Mr. Dewar. The version of *Monte Cristo* performed at the Adelphi is a clumsy, disjointed work, but at any rate the acting of Messrs. Fechter and B. Webster as Dantes and Noirtier is of the best,

and the piece could not get on without it. The newest sensational drama of all that have been produced of late is a version of *Les Misérables*, brought out at the Olympic as the *Yellow Passport*; but even here the incidents are of a somewhat romantic character. Drawing a result from all these observations, we perceive an indication that a predilection for histrionic art is reviving, and that the accessories of the stage, which for some time past have unduly occupied the foreground, will before long become accessories once more.

As a mere work of theatrical architecture, the Gaiety, which, with its projecting balcony and its gorgeous decorations, calls to mind the best theatres of Paris, will well repay a visit, and it may be remarked that the arrangements of the stage are on the same style of elegance as those of the auditorium. Burlesque and semi-serious drama are, it seems, to be the staple commodities of the house; but the burlesques, if we may take Mr. Gilbert's *Robert the Devil* as a sign of what is to come, will approximate to ballet, and perhaps may gradually settle down into the poetical fairy tale, with dubious puns or halting satirical allusions.

## REVIEWS.

### MILMAN'S ANNALS OF ST. PAUL'S.\*

EVEN the lightest pages of a work whose composition occupied the last few months of Dean Milman's life acquire a pathetic interest now that their author is taken from us, and they come to us as the voice of the dead. Such a work is necessarily sacred from criticism; we turn to it, indeed, rather with a personal than a merely literary interest, and the story of the great minister fades for the moment before the old man's recollections of the silver utterances of Bishop Porteous, of that hour of his boyhood when in the cathedral which was destined to be his own he heard, or fancied he heard, "the low wail of the sailors who bore and encircled the remains" of Nelson, or of the yet more solemn moment when his own voice, answered by the responses of thousands, "the sad combined prayer as it were of the whole nation," uttered words of hope and immortality over the grave of Wellington. Other traces of old age, however, than these pleasant memories there are none. The book has all the freshness and vigour of the earlier works which won Dean Milman his fame. There are some passages, indeed, in which the genius of the great historian seems unable to confine itself within the narrow limits of his theme, and, in such broad and philosophic reflections as those on the Reformers of the sixteenth or the preachers of the seventeenth century, to bequeath us stray pages of that history of Teutonic Christianity to which his greatest work points the way. But, with a few brilliant exceptions such as these, what is most wonderful in the *Annals of St. Paul's* is the power with which the Dean has grasped the exact subject he had chosen, and the artistic fidelity with which he has grouped men and events around it. From beginning to end it is what it purports to be, a history of the Cathedral; whatever their own inherent interest, bishop or citizen or Lollard are brought before us strictly in their relation to St. Paul's. To produce this unity of effect without sacrificing the interest of the story is, of course, the mark of a really great writer; but even to a great writer such a task would be impossible if the subject were not in itself a great one. Dean Milman has grasped the greatness of a cathedral just because he, almost alone among modern Deans, seems to have understood what a cathedral was and is. The book is such wonderfully pleasant reading, that one may miss noticing the exquisite art with which every element of mediæval society is brought within the precinct or the choir—bishop, canon, the choir-boys with their mysteries, mayor and aldermen in their gowns of scarlet or green, the burghers gathering in folk-mote beneath the bell-tower, the preacher at the Cross, the Lollard at the stake, John of Gaunt now threatening Courtenay in the Lady Chapel, now resting quietly in the one royal tomb of St. Paul's with his helmet and spear and shield hanging above him, merchants making their 'Change in its nave, Latimer rating the Convocation from its pulpit, the fat buck brought in priestly procession with blowing of horns to the west door. All this varied and picturesque life of the past is not merely painted in antiquarian fashion, but swept into the general current of his history by the Dean's fine sense of historical continuity. A quiet phrase such as "my predecessor, Dean Radulf de Diceto," expresses the whole tone of these *Annals*, but the tone is heightened in its effect by the fact that never was a writer more modern, more alive to the progress and sentiment of our own day. There is not a trace in these pages of the ignorance, either archeological or contemptuous, which alike divorces the present from the past. To Dean Milman the services which he organized beneath the dome seemed only the natural completion of the work which Bishop Maurice had begun amid the desolation of the Conquest. Between the two ran a stream of continuous life, ecclesiastical, literary, national, individual, varying in interest and character with the ages through which it passed, but passing through the ages without a break.

In some ways the annalist of St. Paul's has singular difficulties to encounter. The Cathedral is the mother-church of the capital, and yet it never was the scene of Royal coronations, of Royal entombments, of any great national events. No Parliament ever met in its chapter-house; the one kingly sepulchre it claimed to possess

was that of the most worthless of English Kings, Ethelred the Unready. The truth is, this uneventful character of the early history of its Cathedral admirably illustrates the actual position of London in the middle ages. It is startling at first sight to find that the single fact we know about St. Paul's up to the Conquest is the pretty story told us by Bede, when the heathen æthelings of the East Saxons demanded the "shining white bread" from Bishop Mellitus. But Essex was the most insignificant of the old English states, and whatever may have been the municipal or commercial importance of London, its cathedral shares in the insignificance of the realm to which it belonged. Again, Winchester, and not London, was the capital of the House of Cerdic, and the upgrowth of the great national kingdom under Athelstan and Eadgar brought no memorable events to St. Paul's. In the Confessor's day, indeed, the glories of Winchester passed to the banks of the Thames, but it was Westminster, and not London, which profited by the change. Westminster was the Royal town, the church of St. Peter the scene of Royal coronations, as it soon became the mausoleum for Royal tombs. The interest of St. Paul's, therefore, is, with one great exception, simply the interest which attaches to an ordinary cathedral, but it is in its realization of this interest that the chief merit of Dean Milman's work is to be found. The sketch of its capital constitution, indeed, though evidently written with much care and research, is its least satisfactory portion. In such a remark, for instance, as that its priests "constantly bore the name of Canons, or improperly Præbendaries, from the præbends or portions attached to each stall," the Dean clearly does not see that in their relation to the Cathedral it was præbendary and not canon which was the more proper name of the two. But all this vagueness and uncertainty is atoned for by the vigorous picture of the actual ecclesiastical life which went on in and round the Cathedral itself. Its walled precinct was, in fact, a distinct town in itself, with its own population, jurisdiction, and laws. The capitular buildings clung as usual to the south of the Cathedral; westward of them lay the houses of the Residentiaries and the Deanery, with its gardens sweeping down to the river. At the north-west angle lay the Bishop's Palace, looking down on the little chapel of Gilbert Becket, and a stately cloister around whose walls ran the famous Dance of Death. It is with the Bishops that the history of St. Paul's begins; the Cathedral itself was their creation; one tower of its western front, the true Lollards tower, which has been superseded in popular fame by a rival at Lambeth, remained to the seventeenth century the episcopal prison.

It is remarkable how great a position as heads of the civic community seemed open to the Bishops, and how little they availed themselves of it. Roger the Black, indeed, acted as the spiritual organ of the municipality in his excommunication of the Caorsin usurers, and the city assented to his assessment for the support of the clergy, an arrangement which remained unaltered to the Great Fire. But the character of the Bishops, with few exceptions obscure and inferior men, prevented them from rising to any civic power, while their influence over their own Cathedral died with their removal to Fulham. Within the chapter itself we find the usual story going on—the gradual withdrawal of the mass of præbendaries, and the concentration of authority and wealth in the hands of the few residentiaries, although we know of no parallel to the audacious attempt made to exclude the Dean from a voice in chapter in the ground that he possessed no præbend. The one distinction, in fact, of St. Paul's up to the Reformation arises from its connexion with the great city which claimed it for its mother-church. Even to the seventeenth century the London burghers made their pilgrimage "upon a solemn scarlet day" to the tomb of Bishop William, whose intercession had won from the Conqueror that precious bit of parchment still preserved in the archives of Guildhall, which confirmed to the citizens of London the freedom and laws they had held in King Edward's days. At his solemn inauguration the Lord Mayor visited in its churchyard the tomb of one of his earliest predecessors, the father of St. Thomas of Canterbury. At Whitsuntide the great civic procession strewed again the altar with costly offerings. But it was not in tomb or altar that London found the bond that linked it closest to its church. To the east of the precinct lay the open space where, summoned by the great bell of the detached campanile, the burghers met in their folk-mote, once at least for the election of a King. In the open space beneath its western front they mustered in arms. The wars, the councils of the city went on under the shadow of the Cathedral; and to those who remember how English freedom seemed, at every critical stage of its earlier history, to hang on the will of the citizens of London, and how strenuously and constantly that will was exerted on the side of liberty, these two open spaces will seem hardly less sacred ground than the Cathedral itself.

It was the Reformation which first gave ecclesiastical dignity to St. Paul's. The traditions of Augustine, of Theodore, of Dunstan, had given a superiority to Canterbury which in the twelfth century, when Foliot dared to challenge its supremacy, was decisively confirmed by the murder of St. Thomas. London was proud of the citizenship of the great martyr—"ne, que te peperit, ne cessa, Thoma, tueri" was graven on one of its civic seals—but his death was the end of its spiritual pretensions. From the days of Wycliffe, however, our religious history finds its fullest expression in St. Paul's. The great reformer himself makes his first public appearance and defence in its Lady Chapel. The obscure line of Deans quickens at the name of Colet. The whole

\* *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral*. By Henry Hart Milman, late Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray. 1868.

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battle of the Reformation is fought out between Paul's Cross and its Lollards' Tower. To Bonner Dean Milman is of course fairer than the vulgar controversialists of Exeter Hall, but he omits the striking fact which Foxe gives us, that Bonner was the first prelate who fixed bibles in his cathedral church for public reading. Three of the Elizabethan Deans left their mark on our Church history—Nowell in his catechism, Overall in his convocation book, Donne in those strange sermons on death that drew all London to hear them. To the Cathedral itself the Reformation was simply ruin, and what was left by the Reformation and the restorations of Inigo Jones, found its final doom in the neglect of the Great Rebellion. The fire which swept away the fabric of Bishop Maurice only anticipated the destruction which was at hand, for its rebuilding had already been resolved on, and plans actually prepared. The Dean tells in great detail the story of the new Cathedral, and of the miserable ingratitude which awaited its architect. It is pleasant, at any rate, to know that the heavy railing which disfigures its exterior was erected in spite of Wren's remonstrance, and that the contemptible balustrade over the plinth was forced on him in defiance of his emphatic sneer, "Ladies think nothing well without an edging." To the very close, indeed, the book is full of vigour and life. We could have wished that, though left unfinished by the death of its author, it were not disfigured, not merely by a host of misprints, but by some blunders which the Dean's *secunda curæ* would certainly have removed. "Henry of Huntingdon" is quoted for the Saracen parentage of St. Thomas, instead of Robert of Gloucester. "A prelate with a Saxon name Ceadda, brother of St. Chad of Lichfield, looms dimly through the darkness." Chad, we need hardly say, was Ceadda himself, and the brother in question was Cedd, a perfectly well-known person in the pages of Bede. In the odd phrase, "He was, it is said, of the ancient Hiberno-Scottic descent," we presume "descent" means "succession." The dates are one series of blunders; Bishop William was consecrated in "1104," the Conquest following shortly after. The date of Archbishop Robert's death has got jumbled up with that of Stigand's, 1070. Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, figures as "Godfrey." Lanfranc's Council of St. Paul's "may be held the first full Ecclesiastical Parliament of England" only, we should think, by those who think that English history begins with 1066. In the thirteenth century "commune consilium," as we suppose the phrase runs, is hardly to be rendered "the Common Council of London"—an institution which did not exist till a hundred years after. The book in fact wants careful revision; but it is pleasant to know that the last work of Dean Milman, his legacy to the great church which he ruled, is worthy alike of the subject and of his fame.

## MR. LOWELL'S NEW POEMS.\*

PERHAPS sweet meditative verse is not the kind in which contemporary poetry is least strong or least abundant. The movement which Wordsworth began, and of which he remains the chief master, still runs on, and, with perhaps a couple of exceptions, of which Mr. Browning is the most remarkable, affects every poet of our time, from the mellifluous Laureate down to his weakest imitator. Mr. Lowell brings to the old form and mood a vigour and freshness that make it as good as something newer. This freshness of impression may be due partly to the changed moral climate of a poet who carries the poetic forms of Old to New England, and partly to the peculiar and homely directness which marks Mr. Lowell in his serious as in his well-known humorous productions. At all events there is nothing imitative about his poems. They are stamped with the mark of his own personality, and this may well compensate for the comparative want of lyric swell and pulse. If we do not find the same spacious atmosphere which gives such nobility to Wordsworth, there is a consciousness of being very close to human life in its concrete expressions which is both attractive and elevating to all but the highest degree. The reason why so much of the meditative verse of our time is so weak is that it is vaguely and generally meditative; it is cloudy, loose, and unattached to positive circumstance. Just as in prose, in divinity, morals, and philosophy, so in verse; to be abstract and universal is, except with the giant who once in a couple of generations raises his head above the crowd, to be vapid, diluted, insignificant, and insincere. For all mortals not of supreme calibre, there lies a snare in generalities which is as perilous in poetry as it has for many ages been proverbially declared to be perilous in reasoning. Mr. Lowell's shrewd New England sense—and a man is none the worse poet, but the better, for having shrewd sense—keeps him well out of the inane clouds, and fills his pieces with life and colour and reality. The first poem in the present volume is as good an illustration of this as another. "Under the Willows" is one of the most admirable bits of idyllic work, short as it is, or perhaps because it is short, that have been done in our generation. We do not mount as on the clouds of a drawing-room pastille—scented, elegant, and sickly. Neither do we linger by the edge of the dung-heap, where it is the grotesque whim of this or that sentimentalist, mostly from Scotland, to detain such readers as he can get. We have fancy without emptiness, and reality without a stupid clinging to the grosser earth; an unforced liveliness, and a repose that is not tame. Want of variety is the curse of the

second-rate poet. He tunes his harp in a certain key, and drones and thrums on a single string until we stuff our fingers in our ears, and wish that we were not. Mr. Lowell's "Under the Willows" only fills twenty short pages, and is as various as reality itself. There is delicious landscape; an admirable reproduction of the impressions that sweep over the senses on a fine day in summer; a plain and graphic picture of the scissors-grinder, of the children at their game, of the road-menders:—

Much noisy talk they spend  
On horses and their ills: and as John Bull  
Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,  
So these make boast of intimacies long  
With famous teams, and add large estimates,  
By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,  
Of how much they could draw, till one, ill-pleased  
To have his legend overbid, retorts:  
"You take and stretch truck-horses in a string  
From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,  
Not heavy neither, they could never draw,—  
Ensign's long bow!"

All is struck in so shortly; there is no long-drawn mouthing and maundering, as if one could not have enough strokes in a picture, enough lines in a song. And it is not difficult to see that the secret of Mr. Lowell's art is an exact fidelity to his impressions. He does not work them up with self-conscious elaboration, nor draw on an artificial imagination, but reproduces with careful simplicity the actual vision and sensation, as they were to him; they are set off with no studied decoration, nor diluted and tamed with after-moralizings. The same skill in bringing to life a long train of successive inward impressions is shown in that very charming piece of musing, the "Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire," which has something of the variety and change of cadence, if not of the force, of one of the great master's sonatas or symphonies. From the opening lines to the close we are conscious of a movement of thought and fancy that is musical in its progression, down to the mournful melody in which the strain that has been so vigorous and so changeful falls away from our ears:—

Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please;  
Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust in peace;  
As if a white-haired actor should come back  
Some midnight to the theatre, void and black,  
And there rehearse his youth's great part  
Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,  
So seems it now: ye crowd upon my heart,  
And I bow down in silence, shadowy hosts!

The homeliness of inspiration which marks most of Mr. Lowell's verse has been no drawback, as some weak people might have expected, to its loftiness and moral height. Perhaps one half of the present volume is filled with trifles—little poetic exercises, playful handlings of slight and fugitive themes, which struck the writer's fancy for an hour or a day. These are all graceful and expressive, however slight, and are marked by as much sincerity, and as great a freedom from self-consciousness, as the others. The "Dead House," for example, which we could perhaps wish had been differently named, though composed on an old and familiar motive, has all the good qualities which a piece of such small scope and size could well have; it has condensation, concreteness, simplicity, tenderness, and, best of all, a noticeable freshness in the figures and images. The savage ode on "Villafranca, 1859," is equally good in its kind, and though its moving idea, hatred of Napoleons and of Austria, is as essentially commonplace as sorrow for friends departed, the writer by his directness and concreteness redeems his work. There are no windy howlings about freedom, no vaporous invectives against a typical despot or tyrants in general. The imagery is vigorous and striking, and the refrain is lyrical and impressive. As ten years have not materially changed the situation, it is worth while perhaps to quote a stanza or so:—

The Bonapartes, we know their bees,  
That wade in honey red to the knees;  
Their patent reaper, its sheaves sleep sound  
In dreamless garners underground;  
We know false glory's spendthrift race  
Pawning nations for feathers and lace;  
"Tis reckoning day!" sneers unpaid Wrong.  
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
Lachesis twist! and Atropos, sever!  
In the shadow, year out, year in,  
The silent headman waits for ever.

The five stanzas headed the "Darkened Mind" are strikingly weird and forcible, and for the same reason that we have dwelt upon throughout; they are penetrated with an inartificial directness and plainness. The dreadful sight is reproduced by its simplest impressions; in this case, however, they are—more so than in the "Dead House"—not outward, concrete, and objective, but imaginative impressions, still with no clumsiness of edge, no cloudy indecision of outline; all is clear-cut and distinct. All, moreover, is plain presentment; no fruitless exclamation, no vapoury protestation, no morbid or desperate shriek to the heavens. In spite of their notorious tendency to extravagant forms of supernaturalism, spiritualism, and the like, the Americans have a strong positive element in them, and Mr. Lowell is one of its best representatives, because in him it exists in union with a fine and intelligent spiritual quality as well. In the verses entitled the "Footpath," as well as in the farewell lines "To the Muse," he has expressed his sense of the method of the birth of poetry in the soul; the Muse reveals herself, not to him who, eagerly, with prying eye and panting breath, hunts after her, but

\* Under the Willows, and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

to the other who awaits her at home in the facts of each man's life:—

All summer long, her ancient wheel  
Whirls humming by the open door,  
Or, when the hickory's social zeal  
Sets the wide chimney in a roar,  
Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,  
It modulates the household mirth  
With that sweet serious undertone  
Of duty, music all her own;  
Still as of old she sits and spins  
Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins;  
With equal care she twines the fates  
Of cottages and mighty states;  
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,  
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,  
The boy's first love, the man's first grief,  
The budding and the fall of the leaf.

And so forth. "Wonders that from the seeker fly, Into the open sense may fall"; and it is just this open and accurately perceiving sense that specially distinguishes Mr. Lowell's muse.

In two pieces included in the volume before us Mr. Lowell rises to inspired lyric heights. The "Ode to Happiness" is full of suppressed force: its form is careful and sustained, its vision broad and true, and its lesson noble. It is true, without either cant or commonplace, and has in all its turns and phrases that condensation which is at once the charm and justification of verse. And here, more than anywhere else, except in the "Commemoration Ode," we are struck by the truth and genuineness of the emotion which inspired the poem. The only defect that we can notice flows from this very virtue, for it is the genuineness and sincerity of the poet's utterance which have perhaps robbed it of that cold serenity, as of unimpassioned nature herself, which Wordsworth has taught us to expect in pieces composed after his pattern. Many, however, may possibly find it an additional attraction that the poet shows himself warmly interested in the solution of his problem. But by far the finest piece in the volume is the really noble "Commemoration Ode," composed in 1865, when the war was at an end, and Lincoln had been laid in his grave. People who can see little in Yankees but a vulgar boastfulness of material things, and who cannot understand the enthusiasm for the Union which animated all the most high-minded of the Northern partisans, would do well to turn to this splendid hymn, where the moral and national enthusiasm of the Union movement finds a worthy elevated expression. Americans confess that the braggadocio and silly self-assertion which once distinguished them—and the habit is not obliterated—were really the veil of their self-distrust; but they confess also that the war has put an end to this self-distrust, and that they now feel themselves once for all a nation. This is the sentiment which breathes through Mr. Lowell's Ode; there is no flapping of the wings of the Spread Eagle, but a calm and dignified exultation which the measure and pulse of his verse excellently represent. The stern tragedy through which the country had passed, the loss of their ruler, "the kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man, sagacious, patient," the anguish brought by duty confronted and performed, the completeness of the triumph, are wrought into a lofty and inspiring harmony which ought to silence those American grumblers who think their country has no poet.

That these poems should abound with terse and felicitous sayings follows from their authorship. For example:—

A dark and snuffing day  
That made us bitter at our neighbours' sins.

Or this:—

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air;  
The dust we trample heedlessly  
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,  
Who perished opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.

And the reader of the *Spanish Gypsy* will remember a long and majestic passage which is writ small in Mr. Lowell's couplet,

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
But the high faith that failed not by the way.

#### THE NON-ARYAN LANGUAGES.\*

THOUGH the pages of glossary contained in this volume are not more than 186, it must yet be pronounced a prodigious work—the conception of which was courageous, the execution laborious in the extreme, and the rapid completion marvellous. To give the representatives of 186 English words in 120 non-Aryan languages, the very names of nine-tenths of which are absolutely unknown to most professed philologists, is a task which few of the most active men, seeking an outlet for pent-up energies, would set themselves; and to which fewer still would dedicate the few remaining months of an Indian furlough in England. Of the great majority of these languages no systematic vocabularies have been printed at all; some were known to Mr. Hunter through personal investigation, others apparently through inquiries conducted for him; whilst the published works on the remainder (by

no means easy to bring together, as they have been printed in various parts of India, China, Russia, and other distant countries) have been duly consulted. The work is obviously, therefore, one to the mere execution of which, in whatever style, considerable credit attaches; and which to execute tolerably or really well is very meritorious indeed. If this is clearly understood at the outset, we shall feel freer to take sundry exceptions afterwards to various details in the execution of a work which from its very nature no man living could render absolutely perfect.

Who are the non-Aryan peoples of India and High Asia? The question is best answered by explaining who the Aryan peoples are. At (or rather before) the dawn of history, one united nation of fair-skinned and light-haired Aryans is discovered as living, or rather roving with their herds, over the high plains of the ancient Bactria and modern Pamer, immediately north of the Western Himalayas, or their continuation the Hindú Cûsh. Though living by the produce of their herds, they possessed even then the seeds of refinement, thought, and religion. They regarded the bright powers of the world, the sun, the dawn, the rosy clouds, and the lightning, as divine, and as their special protectors. They sang songs and they told tales of these primitive deities. But a strange revolution ensued, of which all that we can clearly discern is that it was a religious war between two branches of this race, and that it resulted in the expulsion or emigration of one, which, retaining the ancient name of Aryan, penetrated the mountains, and, following the course of the Indus, poured itself first over the Panjâb, and thence eastward as far as Oude; while the other branch retained its original northern seat, and gradually spread westward over the high plateau which was called (from a modification of the same original name) Iran, and included the modern Persia, with Media, Babylonia, and Armenia. The western migration proved by far the most important to the world, for it furnished in successive tides the whole modern population of Europe, with but few and isolated exceptions. The Indian Aryans are, however, the most interesting to us here. On their entrance upon India from the north they were simply Aryans; and their songs, some of which are judged to date from, and certainly depict a state of things belonging to, their migration thither, are extant in the oldest parts of the Rigveda. They were still a people living with great herds of cattle, and consequently having no fixed habitation. Their furthest eastern limit was long marked by the little river Sarasvati, which flows from Umbala to Bhutner (about 76° E. long.). In later times we find them having, besides the Brahmanic, also a military caste, from which their kings were chosen. This of itself would suggest long wars necessary to establish their position in the country; and the alteration in their primitive condition is further evidenced by the abandonment of the old name Aryan for that of Indian or Hindu, derived from the river Sindhu or Indus, down which they descended into the plains of Northern India, and by the foundation of cities, of which Ayodhya (Oude) is one of the oldest. We have further evidence of their progress and conquests in the two great Sanskrit epics, the older of which represents them as passing the natural boundary presented by the Vindhya mountains and the Nerbudda, and overrunning the whole triangular peninsula, and even passing over into Ceylon. Though the heroes are mythical, and the incidents coloured by brilliant imagination, the story undoubtedly tells of a real tide of invasion and partial conquest, of which the traces are still left. What it is important here to notice is that the Sanskrit Indians, according to their own stories, found the land everywhere inhabited by a people of a different, and what we must call a lower, race; black in colour, violent and fierce in temper, and in the Râmâyana actually styled *monkeys*. What became of these non-Aryan tribes? Partially, no doubt, they submitted to the rule of the invaders, and became the Sudras or Helots, the lowest caste in ancient times, dependent on the three great castes of the conquerors. But it is reasonable to suppose that as the Hindus pressed on them from west to east, from the Indus to the Ganges, and ultimately down that river to its mouth, they fled in great numbers to the north and south. The Hindus, moreover, soon reached their limits. Their country, Hindustan, includes the whole region drained by the Indus and Ganges, and but little more; Orissa forming a southern prolongation on the east coast, and the Maratha country as far as Goa a similar but larger prolongation on the west. But Central India, between these prolongations, and all south of them, is held by the dark race which the traditions of the Hindus themselves acknowledge to be aboriginal. These, therefore, and the various tribes of Nepal, Tibet, and the Himalayas on the north, constitute the non-Aryan races of India and High Asia, of whose languages Mr. Hunter here presents us with a Comparative Dictionary. He includes with them the languages of Burmah, Tenasserim, and Siam.

Little as is known of most of these dialects, certain groups may be defined with certainty. The languages of Central India which are known by the general name of Kôl, and are spoken by the most savage tribes, form one class. Those called Dravidian, in Southern India, of which the Tamil and the Telugu—languages reduced to writing, and possessing literature—are the most important, form another. The enormous variety of dialects concentrated over the comparatively small area of Nepal and the Himalayas constitute a third group; and the languages of Burmah and of Siam a fourth and fifth. On the east of Tibet, and the north of Burmah, they abut on the south-western provinces of China; and neighbourhood, geographical conformation, and the known early intercourse between India and China, alike suggest the possibility of an affinity with the Chinese, which is more boldly

\* A Comparative Dictionary of the Languages of India and High Asia, with a Dissertation. Based on the Hodgson Lists, Official Records, and MSS. By W. W. Hunter, of Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.



declared by Mr. Hunter than we remember to have seen hinted by previous writers. The following paragraph is also interesting as presenting a fair specimen of Mr. Hunter's powers as a comparative linguist, which will be put to a severer test in the *Comparative Grammar of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia*, now preparing for publication:—

I am much mistaken if the scholar's eye will not decipher upon many of these pages a history far more ancient and not less legible than anything that can be deduced from the legends of Greece or Rome, or the rock-inscriptions of India. Chinese has hitherto been looked upon as a language standing by itself, devoid of ethnical kindred or linguistic alliances. But in spite of its inexactitudes, this book proves that China has given its speech not merely to the great islands of the Southern Ocean, but to the whole Eastern Peninsula, to Siam, Tenasserim, Burmah, in a less degree to Central Asia, to many of the Himalayan tribes, and to some of the pre-Aryan people of the interior of India. Take in the first case the two numerals in which accidental resemblances are least likely to occur. "Three" in Chinese is *saa* (Nankin) or *sam* (Canton); a constantly changes into *u* in non-Aryan speech, in the same way as *u* sometimes takes the place of the Indo-Germanic *u* in Gothic, Old High German, and Lithuanian, and of *d* in Italian, while its lengthened form *o* appears in place of the typical *a* or *d* in every one of the Aryan families excepting Sanskrit and Zend. Bearing this in mind, let the reader turn to p. 35, and he will find that the Chinese *san* or *sam* has furnished the third numeral not only to Japan, Siam, Tenasserim, Burmah, Eastern and Northern Bengal, Nepal, the Himalayan tribes, and Tibet, but that it also seems to appear in the Mantshu *sfanga* (respecting which I am doubtful whether it should not be *asanga*) and *ilan* (*l* replacing *s* in the latter word [it had been previously asserted that "in non-Aryan speech *l* sometimes takes the place of *ch*, *sy*, *s*, *j*, or other sibilant"]), in the *thunga* of the tribes of the Yenisei (cf. Burman, *thong*), the *ssum* of the Dalai-Lama Kalnuks, and even in the *sam-i* of the Georgian and the *han-hu* (*h*=*s*) of the mountaineers of the Caucasus. Let him then pass to p. 41, and remembering that *g* constantly represents *h*, and in its turn is softened to *j* and *y*, he will discover the Chinese *kin*, *chin*, or *kan* ["nine"], running through the whole of the non-Aryan languages of Japan, the Eastern Peninsula, Tibet, the Himalayas, and Northern and Eastern Bengal. The same thing may be said of "1," p. 43, from which it would seem that the Japanese also, and indeed the whole Malay race, obtained their first person pronoun from the Chinese. (*Wo*=*ngo*; *ngo*=*go*; *go*=*hu*, leaning on *d*.)

If this judgment be sound, it will greatly modify received notions of the classification of languages. According to the system of W. von Humboldt, which has been further developed and popularized in England by Professor Max Müller, the Chinese is the one great example of a monosyllabic language, in which not only each notion (verb or noun), but every relation between such notion (case, tense, person, preposition, &c.), is expressed by a distinct and separately significant word. The languages here termed non-Aryan, on the other hand, form a class distinct from the Chinese, and termed *agglutinating*, inasmuch as in them all the relations of case, tense, &c., are expressed by affixes (without separate existence as words) attached to the words they qualify. While W. von Humboldt appeared to regard these two classes as generically distinct, Professor Max Müller conceives the monosyllabic system to be the older, and regards the agglutinating as possibly arising out of it through gradual abrasion of the Chinese relational words into mere affixes, whose original separate significance was forgotten. If Mr. Hunter's scheme be substantiated, he will prove that to be fact which Professor Max Müller treated as a possibility. We cannot at this stage pronounce any opinion on the point; but we cannot forbear to remark that extreme care is required in the treatment of words so very short as the Chinese and Turanian, especially if the phonetic changes which may with safety be assumed in the non-Aryan languages are so violent as some which are here adduced.

The utility of the Comparative Vocabulary (for we can scarcely term it a dictionary, since it gives us only 186 words) depends of course mainly on the correctness of words transcribed from scores of languages, which no one can criticize, because no one knows them. Mr. Hunter has, however, had the best conditors for the various dialects; and Mr. B. H. Hodgson, with his valuable printed vocabularies and trunks-full of manuscript, has been his universal Pundit. So far as we have been able to test the vocabularies, we have found them generally correct. But there is one great want—there is no general table of transliteration, so that, for example, we are left utterly in the dark what sound is intended by *ch* (that of *chest*, or that of *loch*), and whether the same sound in all languages; whether in *ph*, *bh*, *kh*, *gh*, *th*, *dh*, the aspirate is heard distinctly following the consonant, as in Sanskrit, or softens and modifies the consonant, making *ph*=*f*, &c.; and the Magyar words will mislead, for want of the information that Mag. *s*=Eng. *sh*, Mag. *sz*=Eng. *s*, Mag. *sz*=Fr. *j*, &c. And a note of the expression of the vowels, which Mr. Hunter does give, is rendered useless by a curious error. It stands thus—"i=ee as in meet; i=ee as in thee; u=oo as in boot; á=oo as in booth." Have the non-Aryan languages put Mr. Hunter's English out of his head? Does he really pronounce *meet* and *boot* with a short vowel? The vowels he requires are manifestly those of *sit* and *bull* or *book*. The Magyar words (which are given in a select list of languages with which to compare the Asiatic ones that follow) appear sadly deformed; the accent, which is absolutely essential to the pronunciation in this language, is systematically omitted, and misprints abound, such as *negi* for *négy*, *heb* for *hét*, *jo* for *jó*; besides which a serious mistake is committed in inferring from the infinitives *inni*, *enni*, the roots *in* (read *in*), *en*, instead of *i*, *e*. In the Russian words also, there are misprints, as, for instance, *noih* for *noch* "night," and *ryeku* for *ryeka* "river." These errors in well-known languages arouse a misgiving that similar ones may occur where they are less easily discovered. It may appear hypercritical, but we cannot help finding fault with the constant use of the term *caret*. When Mr. Hunter does not know a word,

why can he not simply leave a blank? To put *caret* opposite "between," "little," "to be silent," in Magyar, looks as if the Hungarians were absolutely destitute of those very necessary words. These and other signs show the haste with which the glossary has been compiled, which is the more to be lamented as so large and expensive a book is scarcely likely to reach a second edition, and is hardly to be excused by the author's impatience to see the book through the press before his return to India.

We have said so much on the linguistic aspects of the non-Aryan peoples, that we can only glance at the other—the political—from which Mr. Hunter also regards them. He shows how entirely our ideas on India, and even the knowledge of it possessed by its rulers, are bounded by the limits of the Aryan race, and that of the non-Aryan hill and forest tribes nothing is known except from the reports of the Hindus, their supplanters and inveterate enemies:—

Of most of those unhappy tribes we have not a single portraiture by an impartial hand. The Indian newspapers catch and spread the infection. On more than one occasion, English journalists have so far forgotten their characteristic tenderness to the fallen as to insult the despairing bravery of hill tribes, to speak of a peasantry fighting for its homesteads as "adult tigers," and to propose, as a cure for well-grounded disaffection, the deportation across the seas of a whole race. Within the last fourteen years, Christian gentlemen have penned articles breathing a spirit scarcely less [q. more?] tolerant than that in which the early Sanskrit singers depicted the forest tribes as black, noseless demons, of squat stature and inarticulate speech.

Yet those who have known these aborigines as Mr. Hunter and Mr. Brian Hodgson and many military men have done, testify to their many good qualities:—

They are faithful, truthful, and attached to their superiors [writes General Briggs]; ready at all times to lay down their lives for those they serve, and remarkable for their indomitable courage. These qualities have been always displayed in our service. The aborigines of the Carnatic were the Sepoys of Clive and of Coote.

And the absence of caste or other restrictions upon intercourse, and their friendly feelings towards us even when at war with them ("they upbraided us with fighting against them; they always said it was with the Bengalis they were at war, not with the English"), appear to show that they might be among our most useful and loyal subjects, if we were sufficiently skilful to gain their confidence and understand their wants. To this, of course, a knowledge of their languages is necessary; and to this political, quite as much as to the strictly linguistic aim, Mr. Hunter devotes this book. We conclude with his striking remarks on the chief difficulties of British rulers in India:—

Their first difficulty is a military one. A vast native army has to be maintained, and this army must be watched by another army with different interests and of a distinct race. The whole burden of supplying the surveillance at present rests upon the population of the British islands—a population scarcely one-eighth of the Indian people, separated from India by the width of the globe, and by the repugnance which a Northern nation has to exile in the tropics; above all, a population who have so much assured comfort and so many avenues to distinction in civil life, as to render military service distasteful. . . . From this difficulty the aboriginal tribes of India hold out a means of relief. In interest, in race, in religion, in habits of life, they are cut off from the Hindus and Mussalmans by a gulf of whose breadth the people of Christian States can form no idea; and their ethnical repugnance is kept in a constant glow by the remembrance of ancient wars and recent wrongs. Sooner would the panther of their native forests herd with the fox of the lowlands, than the hillman join with the Mussalmans or Hindus. Of the valour of many of their tribes, and that unquestioning fidelity and capacity for discipline which are the raw materials of soldiership, there is no question. . . . It is not as if the experiment had not been tried. It has been tried again and again, and has always succeeded; but routine and our ignorance of the aboriginal races have stood in the way of its systematic application.

The second difficulty of our position in India is a mercantile one. The division of the population into labourers and employers has not taken the trenchant and uncompromising form that it has in England. Sparingly inhabited frontier provinces cannot be peopled from the lowland population, nor can public works of great size be accomplished by them. The aboriginal races supply the want of a large labouring class among the Hindus. It is they who have constructed our railways, and who are at this moment creating, in tea cultivation, a new source of wealth to India, and a new field for English capital, whose magnitude it is impossible even yet to foresee.

#### THE GREAT UNWASHED.\*

THE author's previous work on *Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes* seems to have been sufficiently successful to tempt him into a second enterprise. The subject which he has chosen is interesting enough. We none of us know much about the most numerous class of our fellow-subjects—a class, too, which has recently come into the nominal possession of much political influence. A book which gave us the thoughts and feelings of different sections of this class, in their own unsophisticated language, would be well worth reading. If any one would favour the world with an authentic diary of an average working-man, containing the opinions of himself and his "mates," their conversations and discussions about social and political morals, public questions and public men, it would have a very wide circulation indeed. But even the intelligent artisans do not keep diaries. We must wait therefore till some new Defoe arises gifted with the accurate observation and artistic simplicity of his predecessor. A man of genius, acutely observant, unassailable by any tempta-

\* *The Great Unwashed*. By the Journeyman Engineer, Author of "Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

tion to caricature, and endowed with a spirit of toleration, might render a great service to the working-classes by doing that which they will not do for themselves. Such a work would be very unlike the volume now before us, which is not only too shadowy and unsubstantial, but also too pretentious and flippant in style, to do justice to the subject which its author has undertaken. Indeed, the first impression it makes is that it is of the "catch-penny" school. It is written in that jaunty self-complacent tone for which we are indebted to the reporters of certain fifth-rate papers, and which gives it an air of greater unreality than perhaps ought to be imputed to it. Had the author been content to write more simply and naturally, he would have conferred a kindness both on those whom he describes and on those for whom he describes them; and this kindness would have been enhanced if he had contrived to introduce the actual expressions of working-men on the different subjects which engage their attention. As it is, the book is devoid of the value which the author's knowledge of his theme might have given it, albeit possessing a certain kind of interest.

It certainly does not leave altogether on our minds a very pleasing impression of the working-men as a body. Without saying so in as many words, it allows us to infer that, taken in the mass, they are signally ignorant, and as signally self-conceited; with very narrow views both of their own interests and of the characters and conduct of other classes; and extremely intolerant of any opposition to their own crude opinions. It also leaves us impressed with the conviction that their daily lives alternate between great discomfort at home and injurious indulgence abroad; that their marriages are not happy, their wives unthrifty, and—at any rate in large cities—their children exposed to sad temptation and the infection of vicious company. It gives us less information than we desire on the instances, which we know must exist, of working-men raising themselves by their prudence and industry, and gradually acquiring competence and fortune.

It would be extremely interesting to know what proportion of artisans escape the normal temptations to drink, have the requisite thrift to save money, the knowledge to invest it well, and spend it wisely. Every now and then we hear of a municipal councillor, a mayor, or a Parliamentary candidate who boasts that he has worked with the brush, the plane, the adze, or the hammer. It would be worth knowing what the life was which such a man led among his fellow mechanics. Was he a recluse, and unpopular? Or, if he neither drank nor "larked," how did he maintain his good name among them? On these points this book is silent; yet how instructive would details of this kind be! We suspect that such a man as we are speaking of must be an accidental exception to the ordinary members of his calling. Our author says:—

To be properly estimated, working-men must be separated into at least three leading sections, the representatives of which may be respectively styled the educated working-man, the intelligent artisan of the popular phrase, and Mr. Lowe's working-man. . . . The first of them is emphatically the best, and though not the strongest, is yet a large and rapidly-increasing division; and as it to a great extent makes up in moral weight for its comparative want of numbers, its influence in modifying opinion upon those questions which more particularly affect the social position or political interests of the working-classes is now beginning to have a perceptible effect. The educated working-man is the stock intelligent artisan improved and tempered by education. He is, unfortunately for his class, an accidental being, owing his existence not to any marked individual superiority in point of intellect, or to any national or other system of education applied to the working-classes, but to some happy accident of taste or circumstance which leads to his continuing the work of education beyond the school-house.

"Who are the wives of working-men?" is a question often asked. They are, according to our author, women who have been small milliners, and have fed their imaginations with the idea of some day being wedded to princes or nobles in disguise, or they are servant girls, or the daughters of other working-men, who have taken an active part in the management of their fathers' houses. It need not be said how eminently unfit the first are to make a workman's home tidy and comfortable. Nor can much be said for the second. Accustomed for the most part to regular and stated hours of work, to regular and sufficient food, they are not able to meet the exigencies of a growing family, stinted wages, or waning employment. Habituated to spending other people's money with only small control, and discouraged from the practice of rigid economy, they are wholly unable to do the marketing or the cooking of a poor ménage. They are utterly devoid of that skilful economy which enables the wife of the French peasant to make a comfortable meal out of odds and ends of meat and a few vegetables. And what they have never learned before, they are too stupid or desponding to learn when the knowledge would be most useful. When once poverty falls on their homes, they stagnate in despair and dirt. The third class often supplies the best housewives. But their excellence depends on the mother's supervision, which is itself an accident. The following complaint uttered by a working-man deserves the attention not only of benevolent squires and squires' wives, but also of Boards of Guardians and School Inspectors. Why on earth is it that poor men's daughters are taught to repeat by rote the names of the Kings of Judah and Israel, and are never taught the duties of simple cooking and domestic neatness, indispensable for the comfort of a working-man's home? How much drunkenness, riot, and turbulence does not arise from the untidiness of poor men's cottages, and the repulsiveness of poor men's dinners?—

The necessity for, and advantages to be derived from, a technical education among working-men, are now being urged upon all hands; but there is a still greater need for such education among their wives. Women in the working classes have no organized educational means of qualifying them-

selves for the position of wives, plain sewing taught in charity or semi-charity schools being the nearest approach to anything of the kind. There are no schools of cookery in which young women might be taught something of the nature of our chief foods, and initiated into the principles and practices of economical cookery. No place where they could be shown that many savoury and nourishing dishes can be made out of what are generally looked upon as unpalatable, unmanageable odds and ends; and that consequently a family could occasionally have the luxury of butcher's meat even when they cannot purchase joints and steaks—beyond the cooking of which the culinary capabilities of many wives extend not. There is no existing means by which they can be systematically taught the care of children, or the application of broad, easily-understood sanitary laws to household health and comfort.

The discomfort of poor and crowded houses has of late been much enhanced by the wholesale removal of streets consequent on the construction of railways. Single rooms which a few years ago were let for 3s. or 3s. 6d. a week now fetch 6s. or 7s. a week. It is a pity that the English working-man has never yet become reconciled to the tenements of many stories, such as the model lodging-houses. The fact may perhaps be explained by the necessity, which the general arrangements of these buildings enforce, of order and regularity. But if the working-men or the working-men's wives would only submit to the discipline which is indispensable for the preservation of harmony among a dozen families using the same kitchen and the same washhouse, there is no doubt that they would be greatly benefited by the larger area and superior ventilation of these loftier structures. But no way has yet been devised to soften the natural roughness of the female tongue under the provocation of neighbourly quarrels on a common staircase.

We have often had occasion to comment on the evil influence which contiguity to criminals exercises over a class professedly non-criminal. The following incident illustrates our remarks. The author has been driven from his former abode by railway improvements, and is compelled, after seeking in vain for a better home, to remove into a dirty and disreputable "court":—

The van containing our furniture had scarcely reached the door of our new house ere it was surrounded by such a mob of ragged, dirty children, of both sexes, and of from two to twelve years of age, as it never occurred to me could all be the product of our Court; and as they began to get in the way, and I noticed some of the elder ones attempting to "what the wise call convey" some of the lighter articles that became visible in the van as the larger ones were removed, I ordered them to go off to their own place, and play there. Whereupon, a gentleman of surly aspect, and with whose bloated, sodden face neither soap nor razor had been recently acquainted, who had been leaning against the doorpost of the next house, watching the removal of the furniture with a sullen and injured air, explained to me, emphasising his explanation by a number of sanguinary epithets, that the "kids" belonged to the Court, and had as much sanguinary right there as me; and added a statement to the effect that the inhabitants of the Court generally would take sanguinary particular notice that I didn't come the sanguinary genteel over them, if I had got a wan-load of furniture.

Let any one for a moment consider what the influence of such a neighbourhood, with such "kids" in it, must have on the children of honest and respectable artisans who are forced to inhabit them, and he will at once discern the rule of progression which governs the expansion of crime in our populous cities. Until the extent of home influence over the children of the poor and the artisan class has been thoroughly measured, it will be useless to provide additional schools.

The information which the writer imparts concerning the political sentiments of the working-men is probably correct; but it is far from reassuring. As a body, they seem to have been in a great measure spoilt by the idiotic adulation which they have received from their philanthropic and interested toadies. And they have become just what it was reasonable to expect that uneducated men, who continually hear themselves called "the brave and intelligent sons of toil," and the "props of the national wealth," should become—very conceited of their own merits, very doubtful of any merit out of their own class, and utterly intolerant of opinions different from their own. Of this bigoted and bitter intolerance the following is an amusing instance. The author was discussing with a fellow-workman the virtues of a deceased nobleman, who had been a just landlord, a liberal benefactor to the poor, and an upright man in all the relations of life:—

I, remembering these things, observed that many would miss him. To this my shopmate indignantly took exception, arguing that all aristocrats were encumbrances upon the face of the earth, and consequently could not possibly be missed when taken from it. Waiving the main point, I said, "Well, his widow will miss him, anyway;" but to this more limited proposition my friend also demurred. "Not she," he answered; "she's got plenty of money, she had no need to care; if it had been a working-man, then you might have talked about his wife missing him." Still I suggested it was possible that natural feeling might exist even in an aristocrat, and that a wealthy as well as a poor woman might mourn for the loss of a good husband; whereupon my opponent, utterly outraged by the propounding of such an unorthodox idea, and my persistence in continuing the controversy, seized a heavy piece of wood and knocked me down with it.

The report which he gives of the religious impressions of the working-classes points to the same ignorant conceit. They first exaggerate the wealth of the clergy, then reproach them with the inconsistency between their preaching and their practice, and finally make this an excuse for not going to church. But it does not appear that, as a body, they pay to the Dissenting minister that homage which they withhold from the clergyman of the Established Church. And whoever knows the ways of working-men will be inclined to doubt their respect for any class of "poor gentlefolks."

On the whole, it raises feelings of an uncomfortable kind when we reflect that great political power has been placed in the hands of a class which is very ignorant: which, from the sheer necessities



of its calling, must remain very ignorant, or very superficially instructed, on most of the complicated questions of the day; which is ludicrously self-conceited, and, in proportion to its self-conceit, angrily intolerant of all difference of opinion; which lives in alternate oscillation between the absorbing excitement of its own mechanical employments and the temporary excitement of pot-house politics; which believes all good of itself, and all evil of other classes; which mistakes flattery for friendship, reproof for hostility, and an opposition to communistic crotchets for tyrannical greed on the part of the capitalists.

We repeat the wish that the author had given us some information respecting the men who, by their thrift and sagacity, contrive to rise from the ranks of the employed into those of the employers. And we wish, too, he had explained the blind credulity with which working-men entrust their savings to Friendly and Benefit Societies after the rottenness of many of them has been clearly revealed by the Registrar. That the working-men in the aggregate are incapable of reflection is proved by the immense losses which they yearly sustain through these institutions, without one fitch of the murmurs that their inappreciable contributions to the taxes of the country invariably provoke. The best friend that they could find would be one of their own caste, or a trusted employer, both able and willing to point out to them the enormous loss which their own carelessness and extravagance entail upon them. No advantage that extension of the suffrage or reduction of taxation could bring to them would be comparable to the gain which would accrue from halving their daily consumption of beer, and investing their savings in honest and trustworthy securities. Until they learn these two things, any amount of political power which they may attain will only make them more aggressive, arrogant, and vain, without making them one jot more happy, contented, or respectable. They will, without this lesson, be too often thriftless debauchees while they are earning money, and grumbling paupers when they are out of work. But while we lament this expensive and wasteful credulity on the part of the "Great Unwashed," we cannot forget that the Great Washed and the Great Educated have been the victims of frauds as gross and rampant in the shape of Banking, Insurance, and other Joint-Stock Companies.

#### ARBORICULTURE.\*

AT Alton Towers, the motto of that Earl of Shrewsbury who converted a comparatively waste hill-side adjoining his residence into a multiform triumph of horticultural skill—"he made the desert smile"—is suggestive of a comparison between achievements of this peaceful kind and the warlike exploits of his Lancastrian ancestors. It is pleasant to contemplate the exchange of sword for pruning-hook, even where the end and aim is nothing higher than to please the eye, to gratify the taste, and subdue nature to personal enjoyment. A yet higher art of peace is that which, by planting barren mountains, and clothing with forests the seashore and the sand-drift, gives shelter to lands hitherto sterile by reason of severity of climate, sets bounds to the ravages of sand and spray, and in time establishes, in places heretofore barren and unpeopled, a staple commodity calculated to enhance human civilization and comfort. And the best of it is, that this sort of achievement, while so widely beneficial, is its own reward to the proprietor and promoter; and, though unselfish in its results, is the very reverse of unprofitable, if undertaken by competent hands, and in conformity with the experience of scientific arboriculturists. A handy record of this experience, so practically written as to suit the needs of the professional forester, while it recounts such profitable extensions of woodland and forest as may kindle the enthusiasm and speculative energy of proprietors, has recently been published by Mr. Grigor, the founder, and for forty years conductor, of the Forres Nurseries. He is a writer whose authorship has this weighty recommendation, that he can support his theories by facts, and can point to lands, worth less than a shilling an acre when he found them, now covered with ornamental plantations, and yielding through them a revenue equal to that of the finest cornland in the country. Although of a size that forbids illustrations such as add value to larger works, such as *Brown's Forester*, there is scarcely a subject dealt with in that sumptuous volume which Mr. Grigor does not handle satisfactorily, while on some topics he communicates experience not detailed by his bulkier rivals, and furnishes hints of exceptional value and importance. While the A B C of arboriculture is fully attended to in his calendar of operations, his directions for preliminary draining, and his detail of the modes of planting, by notch, pit, and trench respectively, his work escapes the dullness of an ordinary "vade mecum" by his curious remarks upon "acclimatization," his stirring account of experiments in planting under difficulties, and his acute suggestions on many points that come within the scope of his profession. His book therefore has interest both for the adept and the novice, for the large proprietor and him that has but a nook or corner to plant out. Duly studied, too, it is calculated to prevent failures, whether great or small, within the range of the subject on which it treats.

As to the profit of scientific planting there can be but one opinion, if we listen to an expert like Mr. Grigor narrating what he has himself begun and matured, on the estate, for

example, of Ballindalloch, on the banks of the Spey. In 1830 he planted by the notch-system nearly a million and a half of larch and Scotch firs upon 400 Scotch acres, at a contract price of 10s. per acre. It was duly fenced, and did not require much draining. The cost must have been about 200l., exclusive of the fencing, which was partly stone and partly turf-dike. In the present year this plantation was visited and valued by two practical men, and its best larch found to be from fifty to sixty feet high, with a girth of from three feet six inches to four feet two inches at six feet from the ground. These averaged 20s. the tree, and at a low estimate the whole plantation was worth 31,000l. The thinnings from time to time must have already paid with interest the cost of formation, as well as a splendid rent for the land; future thinnings will realize thousands, and the standing timber has every prospect of doubling its value within the next thirty years. This is no doubt a case of very successful planting, and we find a set-off against it in the author's account of a plantation of twenty acres, which from want of regular thinning presented, after thirty-two years, from a thousand to twelve hundred larch to the acre, worth at most about 1s. 3d. each; whereas properly not more than 500 larch should have been left to the acre, and these worth each from four to five shillings. The worst in this case is to come. Had systematic thinning been practised, the thinnings from the age of thirty-two years up to sixty would have given not less than 150l. per acre, and have left by that time on each acre about 150 trees, worth 2l. apiece. No such failure as this could have befallen the spirited Earl of Haddington; else his example in the early part of the eighteenth century—upon the first introduction of larch from England to Scotland—when he planted thousands of acres with larch, would hardly have been so extensively followed. His Countess sold her jewels to plant Binning Wood; and his success fired the Dukes of Athole and Argyll, and others among his contemporaries, to a splendid emulation. His vast plantations, however, have been matched in this country by the late Earl of Seafield, and are, we are told, being more than matched by the present Earl. Mr. Grigor's chapter on the rise and progress of British plantations gives a curious sketch of the additions to our timber trees from the sixteenth century until now, and tends to show the debt the nation owes to some of its Dukes and Earls—whom it is the fashion of the day to account more ornamental than useful—for their experiments in planting at Woburn, Goodwood, Syon, and elsewhere, on a scale impossible with lesser folk, and with an enterprise which, if it has turned out well for themselves, has also largely added to the resources of the nation. The later introduction of American, Indian, and Crimean conifers is a topic that might claim a volume to itself.

It is, we think, fully proved in Mr. Grigor's pages that this public spirit never fails to repay itself, unless in the absence of proper precautions and foresight. There may be oversight, for instance, in the selection of plants. In the book before us the caution against Scotch fir and larch grown from *Continental* seed is clearly and urgently reinforced. These are shown to be very susceptible of climatic influence, and too tender for winters in the North of Scotland, or even for the higher ground of English nurseries. Yet of late years nine-tenths of the Scotch fir seed sold in our market has come from Continental depôts, and a large proportion of the larch seed from the vine-climates of France, Germany, and Prussia; and the result is that, the former generations of these trees having been acclimatized or injured to great heat, their offspring are unfit for at once enduring the extreme change of Scottish moorland. Mr. Grigor institutes comparisons of one-year-old larch from home seed and two-year-old from imported seed, in the dry season of 1865, to the great disadvantage of the latter, and elsewhere warns his readers against the millions of plants raised from Continental seed which are sold at a cheaper rate in our British nurseries, and only answer at all in sheltered lowlands, not in the local *habitat* of larch or Scotch fir. He gives an equally useful warning against a dwarf Continental counterfeit of the genuine Scotch pine, the "*Pinus Silvestris Montana*," worthless as a timber tree, and all the more deceptive because Don, in his writings on Scotch trees, has christened a really valuable species by the name of "*Montana*." So, too, the only valuable spruce (except the *Abies Douglasii*), the Norway spruce, has its worthless but multitudinous counterfeit in the White American, a dwarf likewise. The test is the darker foliage and more vigorous leader of the Norway. Hence it will be seen how important wise selection is in the case of a crop which is not annual nor biennial, but is meant to last a century; nor indeed is it less important to bear in mind, especially with hard-wood plants, that the likeliest are such "as have been removed in the nursery lines a year before final planting." Scotch firs, too, one year old and one year transplanted, suit best bare and exposed ground.

The mischief likely to arise from relying on counterfeits of really hardy plants for the outsides of a hill-top plantation, or for shelters and nurses in exposed situations, would be so irreparable that no vigilance should be grudged to avert such an outlay of "labour lost." But a soundly-formed plantation may fall from after neglect. Judicious thinning, and, in the case of hard wood trees, judicious pruning, are necessities on which Mr. Grigor has two very useful chapters. In her own forests Nature provides against trees of the same size and strength "pressing on one another, as in the ruinous struggle too often witnessed in planted woods." Some young plants overtop others from other causes, and also because self-sown pine-seeds do not vegetate uniformly or immediately. Hence the smaller in growth curtail the side branches of the taller

\* *Arboriculture; or, a Practical Treatise on Raising and Managing Forest Trees.* By John Grigor, The Nurseries, Forres, N.B. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1868.

ones, and a diversity of growth anticipates the thinning process so needful for artificial plantations. Too late thinning leaves the residuum a prey to the first high wind, as well as to root diseases affecting the trunks. For hardwood trees the great gain is in pruning so as to direct the ascendancy of the leading shoot, and heading down to half length those next in size, as well as the lateral branches. It is bad to prune close to the stem at first, as also to clear the stems of all side branches to a certain height, once for all, and operate afterwards only on the under branches; for the results of this process are a small trunk, a bad top, and side branches more vigorous than the leader. Oak grown for navy purposes is an exception, the object in that case being to encourage a crooked trunk and the greatest quantity of bent pieces or "knees." In this case the leading shoot should be cut off, and two of the strongest laterals left to grow horizontally, those next to them being first shortened, and finally removed, and the old top reduced to the point at which the horizontal leaders diverge. Nothing can be worse than to cut off large branches from timber trees, especially if close to the trunk. Though the wound may be apparently cicatrized, the timber remains unsound, in consequence of the rottenness caused during its exposure. The timber-merchant will detect this flaw even more readily than the nails which are not unfrequently discovered in timber, owing to the mischievous practice of nailing paling or wires to trees instead of standards (cf. p. 122). In proof of the general superiority of pruned trees to unpruned, our author cites a practical authority, Mr. Cree, who states that, taking twenty-five elms of a size for making naves of wheels, the average of timber in each will be five feet if unpruned, and thirty if pruned. If this statement is to be accepted, the inference is conclusive.

The romance—if we may use the term of what is certainly no fiction—of Mr. Grigor's very interesting book is to be found in his chapter upon "Seaside Planting." We refer not so much to the plantations formed on the coast of Norfolk, on the cliffs overhanging the Yarmouth Roads—where deep trenching, six-foot fences of furze and broom, and regular hoeing and cleaning for the first two years after planting have led to complete success—as to the reclamation from its utter desolation of the sand-deluged estate of Culbin, by means of plantations which have literally recovered the sandy space. In the seventeenth century this estate was termed, for the fertility of its cornlands, "the granary of Moray," and commanded a rental equal to 7,000*l.* per annum. But by the end of that century it had become valueless and fruitless, "an arid mass of drifting sand." Mr. Grant of Kincorth was the first to reclaim a portion of this desert, and this solely with a view to shelter and ornament. At eight years old the larch and fir averaged a height of six feet in the more advanced parts, and at from twenty to twenty-eight years (1865) ranged from twenty-five to forty-five feet in height, in perfect vigour. The thinnings have already paid the original outlay, and interest at a high rate. The value of the plantation is at present 30*l.* per acre in the oldest parts, and the whole promises a revenue at least equal to that of ordinary arable land, beside the realization of the original object—ornament, shelter, and a barrier against the sand. The success of the proprietor of Moy, another portion of Culbin, is also avouched by Mr. Grigor, who himself planted nearly three hundred acres of it in 1840 and 1842, and, taking the standing wood of larch and Scotch fir as from twenty to thirty feet high (though there are larch of forty and Scotch fir of twenty-eight feet), values the forest at present at 22*l.* per acre. He notes, as a curious fact, that where the larch has become sunken in sand-drift, its shoots take root four inches beneath the surface, and, from this readiness of its lateral branches to take root, he suggests a quick and effectual method of increasing our rarer conifers. Even more wonderful is the account of the plantations on the sand of the coast of Gascony, where, between 1789 and 1811, 12,500 acres of sand-down had been clothed with thriving plantations, wholly seed-sown. The plan adopted was to sow two pounds of pinaster seed and four or five of broom seed per acre, and to thatch the whole with pine-branches with the leaves on, whilst warding off the sand-drift with a line of hurdles. At first the broom plants overtopped the pinasters, but by the end of a dozen years the pines had choked out the broom. Mr. Grigor's observation leads him to prefer an undulating surface for seaside planting, some portion being then sure of protection. The worst ground is an unvarying slope toward the sea, only slightly above high-water mark. On the cliffs on the Norfolk coast, for instance, the spray, which is so hurtful at lesser altitudes, is comparatively harmless, and thereon may be seen plenty of heavy timber. Beside the pines, which suit a pure dry drifting sand, and the larch, which will do well in sand mixed with vegetable substances if out of reach of the sea-spray, the willows, elders, maples, alders, and beeches, with the evergreen oak, do well in a saline atmosphere. The berberis, snowberry, and laurustinus, also, are suitable seaside shrubs. As Mr. Grigor justly remarks, plantations by the seaside are desirable and profitable at the same time. Beside shelter and protection, they yield a profit, as furnishing coaling vessels with return cargoes of pit-wood and prop-wood; collaterally, too, they find employment for the working-classes. On the Bordeaux coast, for example, the preparation of resin and tar from the pinaster forests constitutes the livelihood of numbers. The author elsewhere lays down a sound rule of profitable planting, that such kinds of timber should be planted as command the readiest market in the neighbourhood. On the kinds of trees fittest to plant on mossy and moist soils, or on high barren ground;

on the value of bark, and the modes of harvesting it; on the desirableness of coppice wood and of hedge-row timber, Mr. Grigor has much information in special chapters. On the subject of bark he makes us envy the days when a proprietor got anything like 16*l.* per ton for oak-bark, and any market at all for that of other trees. Coppice-wood he shows to have so much diminished in value, by reason of the fall in bark, that it is undesirable except where an inhospitable subsoil checks the trees planted on it at a certain period of their growth; and hedgerow timber, beside contributing to frequent gaps or "glats" in the hedges, is apt to fetch a less price from the buyer, and to be chiefly precious as a characteristic of English scenery. The chapter on hedges is one in which all may take an interest. The best and readiest are of hawthorn quick, and for forming them six or eight year old plants, fibrous rooted and thrice transplanted, are the most profitable. If any plant is mixed with them it should be holly, which, though obscured for awhile, gradually prevails. Privet thrives well in such combination, but adds nothing in strength. A holly hedge, in a good, rich, loamy soil, beats, to our fancy, every other, and after a certain stage the holly is not a slow grower. Next to it ranks the yew-hedge—compact, close, easily dressed, hardy, and permanent. Mr. Grigor says that in some nurseries it may be purchased by rows, trained hedge-fashion, for transplanting—a ready-made fence, in fact. To get a gay hedge (shortlived, we fear, in its gaiety) he elsewhere suggests grafting scarlet and pink thorns on strong stems of the common hawthorn. The best shape is wedge-fashion. On Mr. Grigor's account of our indigenous and introduced trees, which takes up the larger half of his volume, we propose to touch in another article.

(To be continued.)

#### NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.\*

THERE is something interesting, if comical, in the innocent way in which children and little people try to imitate the actions of their elders and betters. Even vices are copied in quite harmless make-believes of naughtiness, and the results of sinful experience are ignorantly travestied by the very pinks of propriety and the acmes of rigid virtue, while the dress and habits of my lady in her bower get gradually translated till they descend in grotesque distortion to the level of the servants' hall. In fact imitation is the whole of certain folk's ability, and there are some men who, like monkeys, can only mimic, but never originate. And what is true of people in general is still more true of authors. Modest writers, whose only forte lies in the subtle and quiet delineation of character and the more tender emotions, think themselves obliged to go into the 'Ercles vein of the confessedly sensational school, and strain themselves in their endeavours to throw into monstrous imaginations, and wild complications of plot, the powers fitted only for sweetness and tenderness and truth. The evil influence of example, by which weak minds are led astray, is shown in nothing more distinctly than in novels, where the noisy applause that follows coarse vigour seems to be considered of infinitely higher value than the quiet and discriminating appreciation given to delicate and sensitive work; and a writer whose brain is fired with visions of gigantic posters and the blare of the eighth edition, which are the insignia of triumph of a first-class sensation novel, is tempted to try his luck in the same direction, and to dig in the same mine where these great nuggets of success have been already found.

Now here is a book the writer of which has tried to put on the seven-leagued boots worn by the giants of the sensation school, but in which she has only jumped a stone's throw, to land—not on the heights. Her intellectual gifts are valuable enough in their degree, and in their own sphere, but they are not equal to the handling of such matters as madness, mystery, murder, and the like. And the consequence is a child's attempt at playing man—like Tony Weller's two-year-old descendant sitting on a doorstep, with a straw for a pipe and an empty mug for the familiar pewter, saying, "Now I'm grandfather!" One of the first things that strike the reader in *Nature's Nobleman* is its want of real originality. Dashes suggestive of Miss Muloch here, of Mr. Trollope there, parts reminding one of Mrs. Riddle, and parts that seem like a repetition of what we have read elsewhere—but the where very hazily remembered—take off that keen sense of novelty which is essential to the success of a work of fiction. Neither character nor circumstance, neither plot nor description, has the sharp cutting of originality, and the whole book reads like a *réchauffé* of what has been served up scores of times already. The little old man dressed in a loose falling robe of blue and a black velvet skull cap, and the handsome *débonnaire* cavalier muffled in a cloak, with a scar across his face, issuing at dead of night from a secret postern in a grim and weird old house of bad traditions, and saying mysterious words that sound like an unhallowed bargain—though they are not—echo the romantic strains that thrilled us in our youth. And though it is only so much of the outer form that is like our old friends of the G. P. R. James school, while the real story is modern enough, yet the flavour of imitation runs all through—as evident in the vulgarity of Mrs. Slydersley as in the pride and mystery of Miss Beatrice Rossitur. Yet, for all that, there is something pretty and loveable in the book, though it is not

\* *Nature's Nobleman*. By the Author of "Rachel's Secret," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.



strongly thought nor thoroughly worked, and though it has some grave faults telling heavily against it. And one of these faults is that every sensation and every action is prosed over too much. A man cannot see the sun set or the sun rise, and a woman cannot go to church and hear a piece of music, without a long account of how they felt and what they thought. And this clogs the story, impedes its action, and wearies the reader. The feelings of a character are always better shown by action than by the mere narration of the author. But this, of course, is just the difficulty, just the crucial test; and the writers who can let their characters show themselves, and let the story tell itself by action, are the successful writers, and of the best kind. It is not given to every one to hit the bull's-eye when they take aim; and we are bound to say that the bull's-eye in novel-writing is very rarely hit indeed.

The character of Fulke Barham, "the nature's nobleman" who gives his name to the book, is of course the ideal character of a man according to a woman's ideal. That cerulean mixture of strength and severity with sweetness, of self-control with passion, of stern repression with the wildest ambition and the tenderest love, is what women like to use when they paint their hero. And it is a charming mixture, according to the ethics of the drawing-room, if not always true according to the experience of the club-room or the debating-society. Jocelyne Mayburne, again—the little child-woman, who knows only such things as old black-letter tomes and a sharp-tempered housekeeper have taught her, absolutely innocent, and as loving as she is pure—is the stereotyped ideal of the fit mate for such a great heart. It is the image of the lion and the lamb, and a little child leading, expanded into a story, and put into human shape. Miss Rossitur too, with her pride and her secret—which always remains a little muddled and incoherent—her madness and her stately beauty, is she not the acknowledged third of the group, made after the old pattern, worn by this time so threadbare? We have met her scores of times before, draped in her black velvet, with the dull gold among her ebony tresses, drawing herself up on the slightest provocation, flashing out scorn and contempt from her lustrous eyes without any provocation at all, yet every now and then letting her secret soul of love shine forth like starlight in a storm, and startling the beholder by her unwonted glance of tenderness, as she had startled them just before by her unnecessary glance of scorn. We know the kind of thing by heart, for they are all lay figures, turned out one after the other according to time-honoured models, and given different names whereby to label them.

The story of *Nature's Nobleman* is compressible enough, indeed curiously so, showing how very little kernel there is sometimes in three volumes of close print when one throws aside the superincumbent padding. Fulke Barham, the hero, is a ruined man. When his father died he came into an inheritance of debt, and nothing else, whereupon he sold his ancestral estate of Barham Lings, with the proviso that he might reclaim it again, if he could, before the expiration of a certain number of years. After this he works at a quarry which he has retained, makes a good thing of it, and pays off all the remaining debts. The story opens with an account of his sitting, wearied and worn-out, at his writing-desk, having just drawn his last cheque for his creditors; though why he should have left this very ordinary piece of business till the end of the day, and after post-time, and why he is so frightfully tired—as if he had been drawing cheques all the day—remain a little obscure. Soon after this he falls in love with pretty Jocelyne Mayburne, the granddaughter of the old wizard-like man in the black velvet skull-cap—him who had come out by the postern-gate at dead of night with the cloaked cavalier, whose last words were, "The money or the girl." Miss Rossitur, the haughty beauty with dark hair, sees Jocelyne Mayburne, and takes an immense and mysterious fancy to her. They go together to a ball, where Captain Gordon, the cloaked cavalier, also goes; on seeing whom the dark lady faints, and falls incontinently into a fever. Fulke makes love to Jocelyne; but after he has made love, and has reason to think himself beloved in return, a scheme in which he has embarked all his means fails, and he is a second time ruined. Then he goes to see Jocelyne, mistakes her words as she mistakes his, and leaves her miserable, deceived, and broken-hearted. By chance, after this, he sees her in the arms of Captain Gordon, of whom he has already the most unfavourable impression. "The money or the girl" rings in his ears still, and he believes that old Mayburne has sold his granddaughter to the gay Lothario. After this he meets Miss Rossitur, who is and has been mad, wandering alone and half-dressed in the woods, hears from her that she has some terrible grief against the Captain, and so is ten times more distressed at the thought that his lamb has been given up into the power of such a wolf. It turns out, however, that Captain Gordon is the father of Jocelyne, having run away with her mother, whom old Mayburne of the skull-cap discarded. It is to be presumed that the gay Lothario made love to Miss Rossitur between whiles, and that she had given him that ugly cut across his face. After a few more chapters of suspense, chiefly occupied by Jocelyne's illness and her mother's history, the encumbrances are quietly killed off, and the desired end is attained. Old Mayburne dies, and Jocelyne and her father take the body down to Scotland—no one knowing that Captain Gordon is her father, so that she gets into terrible disgrace with Mrs. Grundy and her crew; Fulke Barham hears her call to him mysteriously, and goes away after her to find her grandfather's grave and to hear her mother's history; when he returns home he hears that her father, Captain Gordon, is also dead, and that she is dying and asking for him. He goes

to see her, wrestles with death for her, and keeps her alive. Dr. Paul, the organist of Slumborough Cathedral, who has been in love with Miss Rossitur, and whom she also loves but will not marry because of that grief of hers against Captain Gordon and her own inherited madness, dies in church of a broken heart just as he finishes the service; Miss Rossitur dies and is buried; Sister Agatha, a Grey Sister, who died and was also buried a short time ago, turns out to have been Jocelyne's mother and Captain Gordon's wife, and by mere chance Captain Gordon is buried close beside her. Jocelyne is at one time declared the heiress of her old grandfather, and then proved not to be the heiress. But that does not signify, as by some mysterious process Fulke Barham comes in for all the money, and so has wife, fortune, and Barham Lings unhindered. This part of the story is not a little perplexed and obscure; as is also the reason why Miss Rossitur, in the early chapters of the book, takes out a lock of white hair dabbled in blood, sets her teeth, and moans and "carries on" over it. A very little more care would have made all this obscurity clear, and would have prevented a great deal of useless conjecture and harking back. We are sorry, too, to be obliged to say that the grammar of *Nature's Nobleman* is at times eccentric; that the conversations of the servants and bedesmen are carried on in no known composite of north-country with stage-country dialects; and that Mrs. Slydersley, the Lady Mayoress, is a mistake from first to last, being vulgar and stupid, disagreeable and unnatural, a reduplication of bad qualities not to be pardoned. The whole book wants revising, compressing, and making clear; for there is enough good in it to make us wish that it had been better, and to cause regret for the mistakes which might have been avoided with just a little more care and thought.

#### THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.\*

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago a great collection of Eastern shells was made by Rumphius, a doctor who lived at Amboyna, the capital of the Spice Islands. The collection was described and figured in his *Itarzeit Kamer*, published in 1705; but was itself dispersed in the course of a compulsory journey made from Leyden to Paris under the First Empire, and its subsequent return. The liberality of some gentlemen at Boston enabled Mr. Bickmore, who is Professor in an American University, to make a voyage to the Eastern Archipelago, with the view of bringing a restored edition of the same collection to his own country. The book before us is an account of the successful expedition in pursuance of this plan. The Professor and his friends deserve every credit for their spirited plan for carrying out a scientific object, and we would not criticize too severely the record of its fulfilment. There is indeed very little to be said against the book; it has plenty of negative virtues. Mr. Bickmore says that it is taken almost entirely from his journal, and that he has sought for accuracy, at any sacrifice of elegance. There is no necessary antithesis between the two that we can see; but if Mr. Bickmore is incapable of aiming simultaneously at both merits, we should of course prefer that of accuracy. He has, moreover, most scrupulously abstained from the sin of fine writing, which so easily besets a traveller. Not even a tropical sunset or a thunder-storm betrays him into a glowing burst of Ruskinian eloquence, or into the equally offensive fault of small facetiousness; he pursues the even tenor of his way, as a man of science should, and calmly notes facts without any efforts at "word-painting" or at wit. The descriptions of scenery resemble a fragment from a handbook of geography; he is content to describe a volcano by giving its height and the dimensions of its crater, and an earthquake by telling us how many people it killed. His reticence in regard to persons amounts almost to a fault; there are a few compliments to the civility of the Dutch officials, but scarcely a hint as to the merits or defects of Dutch administration. It would be interesting to hear from a competent observer some accounts of the system now pursued in regard to the commerce of the islands, but Mr. Bickmore abstains as rigidly from any serious comments as though, like an ambassador in a besieged town, he had marched through the country blindfold. For this silence there may be satisfactory reasons besides the obvious one that his mind was intently fixed upon shells, and that the only moments at which we seem to recognise a certain glow of enthusiasm beneath the studied calm of his language are those at which the discovery of some new specimen, such as a "thicklip *strombus*," is briefly recorded. He was, perhaps, too ardent a conchologist to be much of a politician, or he may consider that the assistance he received from the officials would make criticism improper. There are, indeed, only a few occasions on which Mr. Bickmore's self-restraint seems a little to desert him. He cannot refrain from mentioning at one point that he collected eighty-one specimens of birds on a certain island in the same length of time in which Mr. Wallace collected sixty-six; and, besides this professional boast, he has a barely perceptible propensity to hold himself up to us as a man of courage. He takes opportunity to observe that, as he had served in the United States army, it was his duty to set an example in this respect to the weaker part of mankind; and accordingly he shows a magnificent disregard of dangers from big snakes, from crocodiles,

\* *Travels in the Eastern Archipelago.* By Albert S. Bickmore. London: John Murray. 1868.

and from heavy seas, when the natives shrink from his side; and winds up his book by a terrific combat with a python, which a gentleman had pressed upon his acceptance as a parting token of affection. The box in which this appropriate gift was conveyed was accidentally put wrong side up on shipboard, and the python escaped, to the imminent danger of Mr. Bickmore. When discovered, it made successive springs at his foot, whilst he played it, so to speak, with a heavy bludgeon, and, luckily for him, never failed in getting well on to the animal's head. After fifteen minutes of this work, the python was still coming up to time in lively condition, whilst Mr. Bickmore's strength was beginning to fail. The crew had been in a state of panic terror; but at the end of this very uncomfortable quarter of an hour, it occurred to the carpenter to hand Mr. Bickmore an axe, and the snake was then effectually dealt with by the naturalist. There is a thrilling picture of this incident, remarkable for the calmness displayed by the spectators of the struggle between a philosopher and a snake about twice his own size. We should, however, be doing great injustice to Mr. Bickmore if we implied that he was guilty of anything approaching to bragging; he betrays, almost in spite of himself, a certain complacency at his own coolness on this and one or two other occasions, but certainly not in any obtrusive fashion. We could, in fact, very well put up with a little more warmth of colouring in every part of the picture.

In spite of his occasional dryness, and the total absence of some interesting topics from his pages, Mr. Bickmore gives us a good deal of information which we are glad to have. Geologists and naturalists generally may be attracted by his accounts, for there are plenty of strange formations, and of undescribed species of plants and animals, and even lovers of scenery may infer from his facts that there must be in the Archipelago many views of singular beauty; but to the ordinary mortal there would be two great objections to travelling in that part of the world—namely, the nature of the country and the character of its inhabitants. The first is volcanic, and the second cannibal. At one place which Mr. Bickmore describes, the post arrives once a month, and produces a little extraneous excitement. At other times the one subject of conversation is the last earthquake; and it must be admitted that the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are something worth talking about. At one place he experienced four earthquakes in as many days, and if they escape one for eight or ten months at Amboyna they know that they will have to pay for their quiet by an unusually severe one. The volcanic eruptions in many of these islands are terrible. The eruption of Mount Toneboro, for example, in 1815, began with reports so loud that troops 480 miles away were turned out to meet a supposed attack; they were heard, indeed, we are told, at double that distance in a straight line. Ashes were ejected in such masses that their average depth for a radius of 210 miles was two feet; and a famine was caused by their fall in an island ninety miles distant, in which 44,000 people perished. Mr. Bickmore gives a thrilling account of an ascent which he made of one of these volcanoes, which may be recommended to any stray members of the Alpine Club. It is only, we regret to say, 2,321 English feet in height; but we must add in fairness that Mr. Bickmore came very near breaking his neck in more than one place on the ascent, with the additional chance of being stifled by exhalations, and baked on hot rocks. Moreover, as he properly urges, it has done so much damage to life and property that it may be considered as one of the most important volcanoes in the district. When it is not in eruption, the island on which it is placed gets up terrible earthquakes; and even in its peaceful moments, the natives who climb it to procure sulphur are in the habit of dressing themselves in the costume which is supposed to be correct in the probable event of a premature removal to Paradise. With such recommendations, some deficiency in regard of glaciers and of absolute height may surely be pardoned to this sprightly, though diminutive, mountain.

Of the charming creatures which infest these islands in the shape of crocodiles, snakes, and other "catawampus chawers," we have not room to speak. Sumatra is specially recommended to the sportsman by reason of the numbers of tigers, which have a considerable relish for human flesh, whilst in the intervals the traveller may be employed in gathering the leeches which form garlands round his ankles. It must be admitted, however, that the human population is still more interesting in some of the islands, and the traveller would only be falling in with the customs of the country if he varied his sport by bagging a few natives at intervals. The national pursuit of head-hunting is mentioned by Mr. Bickmore with disgust, which seems to make him a little unjust to persons who have been brought up to the amusement. It does not seem to be worse than scalping, though we must admit that the plan of compelling a young man to produce a head instead of a marriage license is decidedly reprehensible. The Battas who inhabit part of Sumatra, and are so intelligent as to have invented an alphabet of their own, seem to be the most distinctly cannibal race known. They punish theft among themselves by tying up the criminal and allowing the owner to cut a piece out of him and eat it; the rajah and the rest of the people join in the horrid feast, taking bits by turns. Such at least is the hideous story of a missionary in the district, who has not hitherto been converted into food for his converts. According to one account, the custom originated some years ago when a rajah had committed some great crime. To avoid responsibility, he was put to death by a large party of his subjects, and each of his executioners ate a bit of him, that all might be equally guilty. To their astonish-

ment they found that the rajah was very nice, and resolved on all future occasions of a similar kind to indulge in the same pleasure. They certainly eat human flesh, it is said, not from a savage feeling of revenge, but simply because they like it.

Of many other tribes scattered through the Archipelago, who seem to vary through every degree of ferocity and mildness, we have incidental notices. Many are still in a state of primitive heathendom; many have been converted by Mahomedans, who still seem to be the most active proselytizing sect, and some few, of whom Mr. Bickmore speaks favourably, have become Christians. We could have wished for some fuller details, but we may fairly say that he has given us many interesting facts, and that, if his style is rather dry, it at least gives a general impression of careful and conscientious observation.

#### GAME-PRESERVING.\*

THIS book is naturally written from a game-preserver's and gamekeeper's point of view. We are not going to enter into a discussion upon the Game-laws, which some of our Liberal politicians would dispose of in a very summary manner; but we may set it down as an indisputable fact that without game-laws there can be no game. Thanks to the protection at present afforded by the law, it is possible, but only by unceasing vigilance and at a great expenditure, to keep up a limited stock of pheasants, hares, and partridges in this crowded country. Remove that protection, and it would not be difficult to fix the time when a pheasant will be as great a curiosity as a bustard, and when we shall about as soon think of looking for a hare on a fallow as for a beaver in a duck-pond. The simple question is, are partridges and pheasants worth keeping as articles of food, or are they not? If they are not, let them become extinct as soon as possible, by all means; if they are, they must be effectually and powerfully protected. Now it must not be forgotten that, if the landed proprietors have a monopoly of the shooting, the middle-classes are the largest consumers of game; and that they regard game as a valuable adjunct to their customary food is proved by the increased number of licenses taken out by game-sellers, and by the vastly increased supplies at Leadenhall Market, and at the shops of the chief poulterers in London and in the principal provincial towns. We can ill afford to give up any article of food that is procurable. Our supply of mutton is not inexhaustible; our home supply of beef is not only quite insufficient, but is also steadily deteriorating in quality; they must be very urgent reasons, then, of public policy that should induce us to forego such useful contributions to our markets as are supplied to us during the autumn and winter months from the field, the fen, and the covert. But is it not a little curious that such an outcry should be directed against the preservation of game just at the time when the universal opinion of the country has been pronounced in favour of stringent measures for the protection of salmon in our rivers, and when more stringent measures still are imminent for the protection of our oyster-beds? Rivers are public highways, and foreshore rights have never been accurately defined—have rarely been successfully enforced; yet the fishing of rivers and the dredging of foreshores are now supervised with increasing watchfulness, and can only be carried on under specific limitations. The fact is that salmon and oysters were becoming scarce with such rapidity, owing to every man being allowed to destroy them when, how, and where he pleased, that it became clear that in a few years there would be none left. Then the question was fairly started; are salmon and oysters worth keeping as articles of food, or are they not? The common sense of the country, thus appealed to, answered in the affirmative; and protective measures were immediately instituted which, in the case of salmon, have already proved eminently satisfactory, and, in the case of the oyster, only require further development to be equally salutary. Now is there any one who will deny that if oysters, as an article of food, are worthy of legislative protection, much more so are pheasants and partridges?

Whatever hostility may have been excited by the working of the Game-laws in particular instances—and it is forgotten that the administration of the law and the law itself are very different things—one fact has always filled us with unbounded astonishment, that any reasonable human being should feel, or affect to feel, the slightest sympathy with or commiseration for a poacher. We will charitably hope that those who really regard the poacher as an innocent victim to the tyranny of a brutal squirearchy do so in ignorance of the object of their compassion. Anti-Game-law declaimers reside for the most part in large towns, and know but little of the country. Save as it is illustrated by the presence of the rat, the black-beetle, and one or two smaller domestic pests, they have small acquaintance with natural history. They have never been in a wood, or walked through a turnip-field, and the habits of pheasants and partridges are unfamiliar to them. Their view of the preservation and illicit destruction of game is necessarily somewhat ideal. The poacher is an industrious labouring man who devotes his leisure hours to the painful cultivation of a small plot of garden ground. Pheasants are constantly flying about, like rooks, in vast numbers; and, never being fed by the selfish magistrates who have reared them, they are perpetually hovering overhead in search of what they may devour. The labour of the poor man's hands wastes away before their energetic

\* *The Experiences of a Game Preserver.* By "Deadfall," of the "Field." London: Horace Cox. 1868.



efforts. A hare has jumped in at the parlour window, and carried off his dinner. A covey of partridges has walked in at the back door and devoured his cheese. What he left a garden in the morning he finds a wilderness at night. No wonder if, in the anguish of his soul, he deviates for once from that path of rectitude along which he has always travelled with upright steps. Cowering in a corner of his little domain, he describes a luckless pheasant, crop-full of those particular beans that were to have garnished that particular Sunday bacon. The sight is too much for him; he pounces on the obese bird, and wrings its neck. But the demon eye of a gamekeeper, peering through the hedge, has marked him. He is summoned before a bench of vengeful squires, and still more vengeful clergymen, and is admitted an inmate of the county gaol for two months. Such is the poacher, as pictured by the pothouse Radical spouter, and the advocate's sympathy may be as genuine as his ignorance is undoubted. But there are others who are not ignorant, and whose sympathy must be accounted as affection, for they know the poacher as he is. He is an idle, slouching, ill-conditioned vagabond. He has been discharged from half a dozen situations because, great hulking fellow as he is, he will pursue no respectable business with zeal or fidelity. He sleeps when honest men are at work, and he is up and at work when honest men are in bed. He goes out knowingly to defy the law, and armed and prepared to resist the law, if necessary. Poaching is not his only error; he takes good care to be able, if interrupted, to commit murder also. He is a wild beast that, if caught in his depredations, gives no quarter to his assailant. And yet we are expected to accept as real the compassionate feelings expressed towards him by those who must be fully aware of his true character. Well, all things are possible to them that believe; and, after all, a generation that has accepted the swaggering, debauched, semi-brutish African negro as a highly intelligent and deeply sensitive specimen of human nature, may be excused for regarding the cowardly, sneaking, vindictive poacher as the poor victim of untoward circumstances.

In the book before us we have a narrative—founded, as we understand, almost entirely on fact—of the experiences of a gentleman who, being fond of shooting, purchased a neglected estate, and by degrees stocked it fairly, but not superabundantly, with game. Of course his ultimate success depended mainly on the efficiency and integrity of his keepers, and the centre of interest in his experiences is a model head-keeper whose services he was fortunate enough to secure, and who need never want a place if his present master should happen to change his opinions, and should become convinced of the iniquity of the Game-laws. A good head-keeper is a rarity. Not to say that he too often betrays his master's interests, and acts in collusion with the very poachers whose depredations he is supposed to check, the qualifications absolutely necessary to make a first-class head-keeper are rarely found in persons of the class to which he belongs. The ordinary keeper, even if he is honest, too often does his work in a slovenly, unintelligent manner; nor is it likely that his naturally dull perceptions will be quickened by the baneful system of petting and spoiling which, we are given to understand, is nowadays adopted towards him as commonly as it was a few years ago towards jockeys and professional cricketers. A good keeper ought to be nothing more than a servant entitled to fair wages for fair work, not a dignitary to be exorbitantly paid for showing good sport for one week in the year. He should be a man of steady and active habits, and of considerable powers of endurance. He should not only be minutely acquainted with the habits of the game which he is engaged to protect, but also with the habits of their enemies, feathered or four-footed. He should have, in short, a keen eye for nature, and be able to interpret the why and wherefore of all that he sees in his daily rounds. He should have something of the instinct of a practised backwoodsman, and be able to read signs unnoticed by an ordinary observer. A broken twig will sometimes tell a tale to one who can comprehend it; and from the slightest indication of disarrangement in a fence, or of small apertures in a wall, or of a displaced paling, or a half-buried peg, a watchful observer will detect the hand of an enemy, and will organize a counterplot. Such an invaluable servant is our hero, Mr. Thornton; but though he may in the main be sketched from life, we think that "Deadfall" must have drawn somewhat on his inventive powers to produce such a paragon of excellence. Not only is he a first-rate shot—that is so ordinary a qualification that we omitted it from our enumeration; but he has an extraordinary power of vision, and an intuitive knowledge of the intentions of every man, beast, bird, and creeping thing to be met with for miles round. If he sees a countryman half a mile off, he examines him through his glass; from the appearance of his coat he deduces what he has got or what he is accustomed to carry in his pockets, from the looks of his boots he infers the kind of soil through which he has lately been travelling, from the condition of his gaiters he perceives whether he has been scrambling through thorns and brambles. And so with the animal world. The sudden disturbance of a flock of sheep, the hurried cry of the grey plover, the uneasy flight of wood-pigeons are all so many pieces of valuable information which he notes down and turns to profitable use. Carrion crows and magpies are crafty creatures; but Mr. Thornton sets craft against craft and outwits them, and would, we verily believe, succeed in the hitherto unaccomplished feat of catching a wensel asleep. Add to all these varied gifts his scrupulous honesty, his abstemiousness, his respectful demeanour, his incessant vigilance, and his power of invariably turning up at

the right moment and in the right place, and we cannot help expressing a fear that for a head-keeper in these latter days Mr. Thornton is a little too good to be true. This, however, in no way diminishes the worth of this book as a record of interesting and often novel facts connected with the ordinary natural history of our country. We shall be surprised, most of us at any rate, at finding how little we have known about the habits of the magpies, crows, rooks, jays, hares and rabbits, that we have seen every day of our lives. There are also some capital practical hints about shooting—one in particular at p. 93, as to the proper way of shooting over a wall, has attracted our notice; and to any lover of sport, who also takes a personal interest in his plantations and covers, we cordially recommend this useful and instructive little volume.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GIRAudeau's letters to the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, now published together under the title *Nos Mœurs politiques*, begin with a statement which is so much like a paradox that it is calculated to make us look with suspicion at the contents of the book itself. "The Emperor," he says, "is leading us towards self-government. We already enjoy the most essential parts of the system, and the remainder must naturally follow; as, in 1850, people exclaimed *L'empire est fait*, so we may exclaim to-day *L'empire libéral est fait*." To make such an assertion implies a total ignorance of what liberal institutions really are. M. Giraudeau goes on to say that if constitutional governments have so often made shipwreck, it has been the fault, not of the pilot, but of the crew. The freedom of a people does not necessarily depend upon the institutions by which they are ruled. Give to one nation the most Draconian code of laws, they will extract liberty from it; bestow upon their neighbours the most liberal rule, they will turn it into an instrument of despotism. Hence, for M. Giraudeau—and, let us add, for all sensible persons—the conclusion that a nation should receive a sound political training. In the first place, the people must take a real interest in the administration of the country; in the second, they must learn to respect the law. Such are the two propositions which M. Giraudeau has endeavoured to prove by a comparison between the political life of his fellow-countrymen and that of other European nations. He is very severe on the excesses of the press, and on that unfortunate disposition which in France makes the minority under every régime anxious to upset the law only because they are the minority; but we might fairly ask whether the best way of insuring respect to the law is by using it as a sanction to shield the most arbitrary measures which despotism can devise. As far as France is concerned, the problem of self-government is, we fear, not nearer its solution than it was thirty years ago, and he must be a bold man indeed who can suggest any remedy to a state of things which originated long before the days of the Napoleonic dynasty.

If the decay of what M. Giraudeau calls *mœurs politiques* is an evil to be deplored, it is chiefly because political indifference is generally accompanied by a low standard of private as well as public morality. Such is the lesson we gather from M. Delorme's new volume, *César et ses Contemporains*.† The author cautions us against trying to find in his book political allusions; the subject he discusses does not admit, he thinks, of any parallel between the Romans of the Imperial epoch and modern France. Religious beliefs, institutions, manners, the elements of society, and above all the constitution of the army, present no point of similarity in the two nations, and it would be useless to try to read from the life of Cæsar a sermon against Napoleon III. M. Delorme is no doubt perfectly sincere in his statement, but there are not many persons who would endorse it; what are indeed the various works of M. Dubois-Guchant, M. Romieu, M. Beulé, and M. Ampère, but protests against this assertion? What is the publication of the Emperor's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, but a direct endeavour to show that the France of the nineteenth century, being precisely in the same condition as the Rome of the time of Cæsar, should be governed in the same manner? We have, however, no wish to judge M. Delorme's work by a standard which he does not recognise; we are willing to view it exclusively as a *résumé* of a certain epoch of Roman history, and, thus considered, it is an interesting book, well deserving attentive perusal.

Count d'Alton-Shee, peer of France under the reign of Louis-Philippe, and afterwards noted for the exaggeration of his Republican opinions, has just published two volumes which may both be considered as forming parts of his memoirs, although from different points of view, and reflecting different sides of his character. The *mémoires*, properly so called \*\*, extending from 1826 to 1839, give interesting details respecting the leading men and principal events of that remarkable epoch. M. Guizot and M. Berryer, the Laws of September and the state of the periodical press—in fact, the whole history of the twelve years which ended with the

\* *Nos Mœurs politiques. Lettres au Rédacteur du Constitutionnel.* Par F. Giraudeau. Paris: Dentu.

† *César et ses Contemporains.* Par S. Delorme. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Tacite et son Siècle.* § *L'Ère des Césars.* ¶ *Tibère et l'Héritage d'Auguste.* ¶ *L'Histoire romaine à Rome.*

\*\* *Mes Mémoires.* Par le Comte d'Alton-Shee, ancien Pair de France. Paris: Lacroix.

downfall of Count Molé's administration—come under our notice, and form the subject of a series of very amusing chapters. The author has, perhaps, allowed too much space to adventures which are not equally interesting to the majority of readers, and which might have been reserved more appropriately for the *Mémoires du Vicomte d'Aulnis*.\* This book, we repeat, is evidently another fragment of M. d'Alton-Shee's autobiography; and we must add that the details it gives us are of a nature which is not entirely edifying.

The hackneyed subject of freedom of thought and of opposition to the *compelle intrare* has suggested to M. Victor Guichard five hundred pages of special pleading against the Church.† He is ready to bear with all religions, all forms of worship, all creeds, all opinions, provided those who profess them use persuasion only in their endeavour to convert the masses; but as soon as they appeal to violence, he refuses to acknowledge their claims to spiritual power. The development of this thought is given in the shape of a rapid and animated sketch, showing by what means the Roman Catholic Church has gradually acquired the influence which it enjoyed until very lately, and describing the results of the power thus obtained. M. Guichard has, in fact, written a manual of ecclesiastical history which may be recommended to the consideration of the approaching Ecumenic Council.

The lamentable state of political education in France—which M. Giraudeau, as we have said, inveighs against so strongly—strikes with equal force M. Paul Lacombe, the author of an excellent volume entitled *Mes Droits*.‡ The government, he observes, is virtually at the present time in the hands of that section of the people which is the least capable of directing its course wisely, for those on whose support the Emperor chiefly relies are the peasantry and the workmen, who know very little of politics, administration, and law. Whether that ignorance is the secret of the success with which the present system of rule has been carried on is quite a distinct question. M. Lacombe starts by denying *in toto* the famous theory of Jean-Jacques Rousseau on the origin of society, and he maintains that the political community can never be justified in any attempt to limit or abolish the rights of the individual.

M. Franck assumes a higher position§, and instead of limiting himself to the study of political principles, he surveys the whole ground of ethical philosophy. Beginning with a definition of that science, he shows on what foundations it rests, and aims chiefly at establishing a broad distinction between what is honest and what is useful—a distinction which of course implies the author's condemnation of utilitarianism. Having settled the preliminary part of his subject, M. Franck goes on to discuss the various topics more intimately connected with it. He explains the nature of our duties both towards ourselves and towards our fellow-creatures, whether as connected with us by the ties of blood or simply as belonging to the same political community; and he concludes by maintaining that the laws of ethical science, in the various forms under which they can be applied, derive their sanction from those elementary religious truths which to some extent are found in all societies.

Mountain warfare necessarily presents features of interest and excitement peculiar to itself; and M. Ducuing|| has described in a very spirited manner a few incidents connected with the African campaigns of Marshal Bugeaud, and the remarkable effort made in 1834-35 by Zumalacarregui to upset the throne of Queen Christina. In his chapter entitled "Les Dominations françaises" M. Ducuing has attempted to relate one of the most striking passages connected with the history of his country. French colonization has always been more or less of a failure, and in whatever way this fact may be explained, the fact itself is undeniable. In Canada, on the banks of the Ganges, in Syria, in Egypt, in South America, the French have left traces of their presence; but nowhere can they point to a permanent colonial establishment that has visibly extended their national power and influence. Maladministration, military incapacity, and want of experience might account for certain failures; but when we see all efforts to colonize end in disappointment, we are naturally led to the conclusion that there is some element in the national character which renders Frenchmen unfit for the arduous task of political emigration and settlement on a large scale. Everywhere France has introduced the principles of civilization, nowhere do we find the stamp of her power. According to M. Ducuing, the true account of the matter would seem to be that Frenchmen are too perfectly disinterested in their efforts to carry throughout the world the torch of progress, and, we suppose, are willing to sow that others may reap. This explanation is not perhaps strictly correct, but no one can be offended at hearing that his extreme generosity has been the cause of his ill-success.

If writers on natural history were to follow Buffon's plan, and begin their scientific treatises eighteen times over, what would become of M. Figuier?¶ Not only does he publish, under the

title *Merveilles de la Science*, a periodical which requires an amount both of care and of research quite sufficient, one would think, to occupy an author's whole time; not only does he give us every year a scientific handbook which is by far the best *résumé* of its kind; but his *Tableaux de la Nature* succeed each other with the greatest punctuality, and the approach of Christmas is always marked by the publication of one of those beautifully illustrated volumes which have done so much to make the study of natural history attractive. The mammalia form the subject of this year's instalment, and never did M. Figuier's peculiar talent show itself to greater advantage. We must not expect from him, of course, pages like Buffon's description of the horse or of the dog; but, on the other hand, he is never dull, and he has the great knack of selecting from a mass of facts those which are most characteristic and interesting. Moreover, the instruction he supplies is not the less solid because it is offered in an agreeable form, and whilst bestowing special care upon the descriptive element of his work, he does not neglect the practical part. All the uses and applications of animal, vegetable, and mineral substances are duly noted.

Messrs. Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Merveilles* has lately been enlarged by the accession of several new volumes. M. Sonrel describes the wonders of the bottom of the sea.\* But how can we reach them? Take my diving apparatus, says M. Rouquayrol. Dressed in a costume half wool, half leather, carrying on his back a box full of compressed air, and having his face protected by a glass mask, the diver can boldly venture even to the depth of 180 feet, and bear the enormous weight of seven atmospheres pressing down upon him. Even at that comparatively small distance the forms of animal and vegetable life are marvellous enough to rivet our attention and excite our curiosity. What would they be if we could penetrate to those depths where only imagination can roam?

Muscular strength and skill have produced results which are fully entitled to a place in the category of wonders.† At the same time M. Depping warns his readers against the supposition that he is going either to give them a treatise on gymnastics, or to describe the extraordinary feats of MM. Blondin and Léotard; with the exception of a peep at the heroes of "the Ring," he keeps strictly to classical anecdote, and to the athletes of days gone by. The first division of his book is taken up by stories in which physical strength predominates; in the second, we have the manifestations of skill. Pedestrianism, swimming, diving, jumping, walking on stilts, the sling and the bow, the pistol and the sword, the boomerang and the lasso—all these topics, duly illustrated with woodcuts, contribute their share to the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*. Anecdotes judiciously selected serve to give additional interest to the book, whilst they authenticate, to some extent at least, the prodigies which M. Depping relates.

The two volumes we have just described may be regarded as belonging to the category of Christmas books; let us name in the same class the various works forming part of the "pink library" published by Messrs. Hachette for the special benefit of young people. This new collection includes fairy tales, moral stories in the style of Miss Edgeworth's, abridged and revised editions of authors like Molière, Racine, Cardinal de Retz; and, finally, accounts of travels to distant lands. This part of the series is under the immediate editorship of M. Belin de Launay, who is fully equal to his task, if we may judge from the narratives he gives us of the expeditions which have made the names of Speke, Grant, and Baines so celebrated.‡ One of the great difficulties in works of this kind consists in identifying the proper designations of cities, rivers, and tribes; thus the people whom Sir S. Baker describes as the Bari are called by Captain Speke Vounyaberi, and a place marked as Waiao on Dr. Livingstone's map is called Ouhiyow by Burton. M. Belin de Launay has solved the problem by giving to those various places a spelling in accordance with French pronunciation.

M. Edmond de Guerle's *Life of Milton*§, compiled chiefly from Professor Masson's well-known book, does not require any detailed notice at our hands; it is written in an appreciative spirit, and shows, on the part of the author, a better acquaintance with our literature than is generally found among foreigners. *Paradise Lost*, and to some extent *Paradise Regained*, are known on the other side of the Channel, but we suspect that very few Frenchmen have ever heard of the *Areopagitica*. To French readers desirous of knowing something about Milton, M. Edmond de Guerle's volume will prove an agreeable and trustworthy guide; and his position as a Protestant enables him to seize certain points in Milton's opinions and writings which a Roman Catholic critic would be far less likely to estimate correctly.

The delightful volume of autobiography which Madame Edgar Quinet has published under the title *Mémoires d'Exil*|| derives its chief interest from the vein of melancholy that runs through it. We enjoy the perusal of the book because the impulses of a

\* *Mémoires du Vicomte d'Aulnis*. Par E. d'Alton-Shee. Paris: Lacroix.

† *La Liberté de Penser, Fin du Pouvoir spirituel*. Par Victor Guichard. Paris: Le Chevalier.

‡ *Mes Droits*. Par Paul Lacombe. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

§ *La Morale pour Tous*. Par Ad. Franck. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *La Guerre des Montagnes; les Dominations françaises*. Par F. Ducuing. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

¶ *Tableaux de la Nature—Les Mammifères*. Par L. Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

\* *Les Merveilles du Fond de la Mer*. Par L. Sonrel. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Merveilles de la Force et de l'Adresse*. Par Guillaume Depping. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Voyage dans le sud-ouest de l'Afrique*. Par Thomas Baines. Traduit et abrégé par J. Belin de Launay.

§ *Les Sources du Nil, Voyage des capitaines Speke et Grant*. Abrégé par J. Belin de Launay. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

¶ *Milton, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par Edmond de Guerle. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Mémoires d'Exil*. Par Madame Edgar Quinet. Paris: Lacroix.



generous heart are manifest in every page; at the same time it is melancholy to think that dreams which seem never likely to be realized keep the writer and her friends far from the native country for whose happiness they would gladly sacrifice themselves. It is natural for persons like Madame Quinet to look with a feeling of despair at the results of the democratic movement of 1848; but if they coolly examine the elements which were at work when the throne of Louis-Philippe fell to the ground, can they be astonished at the failure of the attempt to establish republican institutions in a country like France? All honour to those who, following the example of Edgar Quinet and many others, preferred to be banished rather than to sacrifice their earnest convictions; but it is not the less true that they pursued a Utopia, and endeavoured to give vitality to a mere phantom.

It is remarkable that even Frenchmen have now begun to give up their former blind worship of the *petit caporal*. What was once the popular version of the battle of Waterloo is at present discarded on the other side of the Channel as well as on this, and it is no longer considered a proof of patriotism to show that Napoleon was the victim of destiny, and not of his own blunders, when the ever-famous 18th of June ushered in his destruction. We cannot, of course, surmise how the forthcoming instalments of the Emperor's Correspondence will deal with this delicate question, or what evidence they will bring towards a solution of the problem. The present volume \* describes the campaign of 1813, and places before our eyes all the facts connected with the celebrated battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. It is amusing to watch, as the course of events goes on, the efforts made to keep sinister rumours hushed up, and to prevent the Empress Maria-Louisa from reading the reports periodically sent in by the police. The most curious part of the whole business is that the newspaper articles giving an account of the campaign were known to be officially manufactured, and yet they were so badly written that Napoleon thought a plain statement of the truth far preferable.

Dr. Montucci's forcible but one-sided article on Trades'-Unions, originally published in the *Revue britannique* †, is suggested by the Sheffield disclosures. Dr. Montucci condemns Trades'-Unions as essentially tyrannical, and he contends that, far from being a symptom of progress, they are, on the contrary, an unconscious imitation of the restrictive laws which prevailed during the middle ages amongst the guilds or corporations claiming the monopoly of certain branches of industry. He then goes on to argue that in the long run the workmen must suffer from the attempts they make to coerce capitalists, and he pronounces it absurd to hope that a sound knowledge of political economy will correct the mistakes of the Unionists. Political economy, he says, cannot be learnt at twenty-four hours' notice, and out of any given number of workmen very few indeed could understand the principles of a science which is far from being easy.

The recent novels which the Paris press has sent forth are still characterized, as of yore, by strong appeals to the sensational. Thus the heroine of M. André Léo's book *Aline-Ali* ‡, disgusted with marriage by the revelations which her married sister makes to her, wanders about in man's costume, and having become acquainted with a certain Paolo, she very naturally inspires him with the most enthusiastic attachment, which he considers as mere friendship, but which merges into love as soon as an accident discloses the sex of the romantic young lady. Ali is found out to be Aline, and although the remembrance of what her sister Madame the Marquise de Chabreuil has told her prevents her from receiving the addresses of the ardent Paolo, she at length consents, but only when it is too late. M. Léo's volume is evidently meant as a denunciation of what are called *mariages de convenance*. The author has borrowed from M. de Lamartine the character of Aline-Ali, who is nothing but a pale imitation of Laurence, and he has also reproduced some of the declamatory nonsense which George Sand's early novels contain at every page.

M. William de la Rive's tales does not aim at preaching love unfettered by the marriage contract, and the emancipation of the fair sex; it is a narrative of jealousy, leading to hatred, and ending in a terrible catastrophe.

There are two ways of describing the Parisian *bourgeois*. An author can make them odious by representing them as patterns of selfishness, rapacity, conceit, and jealousy; or he can simply depict their amusing ignorance, the narrow circle of their ideas, and that petty ambition which, combined with the most thorough want of taste, leads them to blunder about in happy unconsciousness of their own defects. M. Edmond Ourliac has selected the latter of these methods, and his *Proverbes et Scènes bourgeoises* || form another contribution to that class of works which Henry Monnier and Paul de Kock have rendered so popular.

\* *Correspondance de Napoléon Ier.* Vol. 25<sup>e</sup>. Paris: Plon.

† *Des Associations ouvrières en Angleterre.* Par H. Montucci.

‡ *Aline-Ali.* Par André Léo. Paris: Lacroix.

§ *La Marquise de Clérol.* Par William de la Rive. Paris: Lévy.

|| *Proverbes et Scènes bourgeoises.* Par Edmond Ourliac. Paris: Lévy.

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